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ALLEN CLAN SHOOT UP A COURT HOUSE

Terrible Tragedy at Hillville, Va., Last Thursday.

FOUR COURT OFFICIALS KILLED.

Others Wounded—The Allens Escape to the Hills, Taking Their Wounded—Four Have Since Been Captured and One Killed—Posses After the Rest—It Will Be a Fight to the Death.

Hillsville, Va., March 14.—"The Allens are coming!"

Through the streets of this little village, numbering only 300 people and situated on the border of the wild Virginia mountains, these words passed in ominous whispers, this morning.

Two mountaineers, Jack and Sidney Allen, had galloped into the town, dropped their bridles at the door of the ramshackle hotel and walked in, with the swagger, the bulging hips of men ready for fight. The rest came in quickly—about 18 more—all armed, all silent, all obviously prepared for trouble.

An hour later Judge Thornton L. Massie was shot to death on the bench of the Caroll county court house; Commonwealth Attorney William Foster lay against the rostrum, dying with a bullet through his head; Sheriff Webb was dead in the middle of the room; Juror Douglas had fallen in a heap to the floor of the jurors' box, while Dexter Goad, clerk of court, and Floyd Allen, the prisoner on trial, were writhing at opposite ends of the little stuffy hall.

The Allens had come!

Down from their mountain fastnesses, riding their gaunt, rugged ponies, armed with Winchesters and pistols, the most desperate clan of the Blue Ridge had made its ultimate defiance to the law—ultimate because they will now be hunted to the last hidden cabin, the most secret moonshine still of the mountains and killed in their dens.

The posses are out now and the posses are made up of officials and of feudists who have been enemies of the Allens for a hundred years.

Never before in the history of that lawless mountain section of Virginia, which John Fox, Jr., and Charles Egbert Craddock have made romantic has such a deluge of outlawry stricken a seat of law.

And yet the scene in the crowded, stuffy little court room, where men were being killed as rapidly as they dared to stand upon their feet, was almost calm—save for the crash of the powder and the scream of the bullets.

The thing had been completely prearranged. It was practically announced beforehand. Judge Massie, gallant gray haired jurist, candidate for the state's supreme bench, and Foster, the commonwealth attorney, together with the other officers of the court, knew better than any one else that they were walking under the shadow of death when they entered the court room.

And yet they went on with their work. That is the way with Virginians.

They stood helpless, unarmed before their enemies. Even the prisoner, old Floyd Allen, noted for 20 years as the most desperate feudal leader in the mountains, had a gun when the shooting began. It is believed that his first shot killed Judge Massie.

He had been arrested for aiding the escape of two of his nephews from officers who had arrested the young men on a charge of attacking people on the highway. Floyd Allen's trial was a swift, quiet affair. There was not a sign of violent intent on the part of the Allen clan or on the part of their enemies, who crowded the court room. But the evidence was overwhelmingly against the defendant. His brothers and his clan folk knew it. That was why the word was passed about the village this morning:

"The Allens are coming!"

The jury was sent out to deliberate about 8 o'clock in the morning. They returned within an hour. The room was absolutely silent. A shaggy mountaineer deliberately struck a match and lighted his pipe. A deputy rebuked him and he put it out.

The clerk, Goad—who is probably dying—asked the jurors' foreman what was their verdict:

"Guilty, and we fix the punishment at one year in prison."

Even then there was not a movement among the crowd.

Judge Massie in his low but stern voice summoned the prisoner to the bar. Floyd Allen—tall, rough clad, bearded, a sneer upon his hairy lips—moved forward until he stood directly beneath the low rostrum on which the judge sat.

"I sentence you to one year at hard labor in the prison of the county at Roanoke," said the judge.

The prisoner smiled defiantly. He half turned and seemingly in that instant gave a signal to his comrades who were distributed throughout the court room.

A sudden clamor of voices followed and the next instant the prisoner, whirling on his heel had fired a shot point blank at the judge who had just sentenced him. Judge Massie, without a sound, sank dead upon the floor behind the bench.

Instantaneously the court room became a battleground. Shots came from every corner. Foster, the government's attorney, dropped to his knees and then sprawled upon the floor. Sheriff Webb rushed forward—to certain death—trying to seize the prisoner. He fell at the feet of Floyd Allen just as Allen himself went down, pierced through the abdomen by a bullet from an officer or from a rival clansman. Goad was bowed and bleeding over his little desk.

Three jurors had fallen, one of them, Douglas, dead; another, Blankenship, dying. Not an officer of the law was left unhurt. There was not a chance of capturing the Allens in that crowd of terrified men, who recognized them as the kings of the border and who dared not dispute their power.

The assailants made their way quickly out of the court room. But they went in terror. It was significant of the cowardice of their attack that they left the prisoner, Floyd Allen, lying in agony upon the floor. The desperado will live to suffer his full punishment.

Meanwhile his clansmen are galloping into the hills. The authorities know where they will go. There are only a few places where the Allens can go. They have killed too many neighbors to be popular in any section out their own.

But the Allens will fight. There will be no battle in this town. It will be fought around a barn or a dug out in some lonely mountain retreat and the officers of the government (or the troops, if they arrive in time) will suffer the loss of good men before the bandits are captured. They will leave their fellow wounded among his enemies, but they will fight to the death for their own skins. That is the code.

Later Reports.

Miss J. Good, the 18-year-old daughter of Clerk of Court Good, was hit by a stray bullet and seriously wounded.

Officers, detectives and citizens took up the trail of the Allens and followed to "Old Sid's" place where a battle followed. After the fight "Sid" Allen was taken seriously wounded and his wife was found dead in the house with a rifle in her hands. Other posses went to the home of Floyd Allen and arrested him, his son, Victor, and another of the clan named Strickland and landed them in jail.

The whole Allen clan, numbering about 30 in all, have taken to the most inaccessible hills in that country and intend to fight to a finish instead of surrendering as has been reported. Rewards amounting to $5,000 have been offered for the capture of the principles and as a result, on Tuesday, the following notice, scribbled in pencil, on a sheet of coarse brown wrapping paper, was posted on a tree, a mile from Hillsville on the public road:

"To those who have made it their business to concern:

"We have plenty of arms and bullets. We know how to use them. These hills is an unhealthy place for strangers to visit. Remember this, You kin git us in the end maybe, but we will git you first."

EASTER FLOWERS.

Will have both Cut Flowers and Potted Plants for Easter.

1t R. C. SASSE.

Household goods for sale cheap. Call after noon.

A. E. HACKETT'S Double House.

2t East Main St.

O'REILLY-ZOOK.

Wedding Solemnized in Bradford Last Thursday.

The Bradford Star-Record of last Thursday contains the following account of the O'Reilly-Zook nuptials, which were recorded in The Miner last week:

Miss Mary Virginia Zook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Zook, of No. 64 South avenue, was united in marriage to William O'Reilly, of Smethport, at 10:30 o'clock this morning at the home of the bride. Only the immediate relatives of the pair were in attendance at the wedding. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Joseph Kenney. Mrs. Lee Robbins, a sister of the bride officiated as matron of honor and Merril Bisset, of Smethport, a nephew of the bridegroom, acted as best man. The bride was handsomely gowned in white satin, covered with lace. She carried pink and white sweet peas. Mrs. Robbins was attired in a becoming white satin gown. At the conclusion of the marriage service, a wedding breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. O'Reilly left on the Erie 1:20 o'clock train on their wedding trip. They will be at home in Smethport after April 15. No cards.

Mrs. O'Reilly is one of the best known young women in Bradford, and one of the most popular. She is a member of the Country club and other social organizations. Her departure from Bradford will be greatly regretted by a large circle of friends. Mrs. O'Reilly is a graduate of the Bradford hospital training school for nurses. She was a member of the class of 1907 and up to recently followed her profession with success.

Mr. O'Reilly is a successful contractor. He has a host of friends in this city as well as in his home town.

The bride received many handsome gifts from her friends.

Out of town relatives in attendance were Miss Evelyn Zook of New York; John O'Reilly of Pittsburgh; Mrs. Barker and daughter, Margaret of Corry; Mrs. Mary Bisett and son, Merril Bisett, of Smethport, and Mr. O'Reilly of Smethport, father of the bridegroom.

FAMILY IN HARD LUCK

Family of John Peterson of Norwich Has More Than Its Share of Sickness.

The family of John Peterson of Norwich is having more than its share of hard luck this winter. Two of their young children are suffering with that dreaded malady, infantile paralysis, and within the past week two of their sons have been stricken with appendicitis.

On Wednesday of last week Ernest G. Peterson was brought to the home of Mrs. C. W. Lilgendahl and was operated on for appendicitis by Dr. Burg Chadwick, and we are pleased to state at this time that the young man is getting along nicely.

On Monday Elof Peterson was taken with the disease and upon examination his appendix was found to be in such a serious condition that Dr. Chadwick took him to Kane that day and had him placed in the Kane Summit hospital.

The young man stood the trip well considering his condition and he will be operated on as soon as he is sufficiently rested to stand the shock.

This unfortunate family has the sympathy of the entire community in their troubles and all hope that all of their children will recover as soon as possible.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

Offered by Various Business Men of This Place.

Does Smethport need

An Independent Telephone company? Coudersport is to have one.

A Curb Market. To encourage the farmers to specialize on certain crops for which they will have a sure and accessible market?

A trolley system? Running to Norwich, Hazelhurst, Clermont and Larabee.

A new school building, situated on the Brooklyn side of town, to relieve congestion in persent building?

Free Mail Delivery—pending legislation at Washington will allow it?

FOR SALE.

A farm of 96 6-10 acres on Pierce Brook in Keating township, known as the Joe McGill place. Price $2000. Terms cash.

JOHN FORREST.

3-21-tf Smethport, Pa.

HON. R. J. HOFFMAN.

Well-Known Bradford Man Candidate For Member of Assembly.

The Bradford Star-Record says:

The Hon. R. J. Hoffman, who recently retired as mayor of the city of Bradford, to-day announces his candidacy for nomination as member of the

assembly, subject to the action of Republicans at the April primaries. The many friends of Mayor Hoffman are pleased that he is a candidate, and he is assured in advance, on his record as a citizen, a business man and a public official, of a large vote.

R. J. Hoffman was born on a farm in New Jersey. He received a common school education and went to work as a water boy on a railroad in his home state. He was advanced to the position of locomotive fireman and then engineer and he was running an engine when President Lincoln called for more troops. This was in '62 and young Hoffman enlisted in the Thirty-first New Jersey Volunteer Infantry, and served until the end of the war. Not long after hostilities ceased Mr. Hoffman went to the lower oil country which was attracting thousands of young soldiers with its stories of sudden wealth, but instead of "getting rich quick," Hoffman went to work on wells. But as he learned the oil business he started out on his own hook as a producer and later a refiner. About eighteen years ago he came to Bradford and established the Orient refinery and also went into oil producing in the Bradford field. He is now retired from the refining business but retains his oil interests and is a stockholder in several local industries.

Mr. Hoffman was the first oil man to adopt the pumping head system on oil leases, installing it on wells of his own with success. It is now in general use.

When Mr. Hoffman was elected mayor he decided to devote most of his time to the office, and the result was one of the best administrations Bradford has had since it became a city, over thirty years ago. The mayor took a very active part in the preparations for Old Home Week. He was made chairman of the executive committee and day and night he labored to make the occasion a success. That it was a success is known to all who were here during that memorable celebration of Bradford's thirtieth anniversaray as a city. Before and after this Mayor Hoffman accomplished or helped in the accomplishment of many needed reforms in the city all of which improved the town in one way or another. He co-operated with the water department in the improvement of the water system, doing away with the use of shop wells during periods of long drought and establishing a system of municipally owned water wells pumped by compressed air.

The project of drilling deep wells to the lower oil or gas sands became the mayor's chief concern during the closing weeks of his administration, and it is only fair to say that if it had not been for his never-say-die spirit the project would have fallen by the wayside. But Mr. Hoffman thought the field should be drilled to the deeper sands and he not only has put his money in the project but he has spent his own money on trips to Pittsburgh, Buffalo and other cities interviewing men and obtaining their financial assistance to the plan.

Personally, Mr. Hoffman is a man of the people, one of those rare men who are at home in whatever group of men chance may associate him. He has many friends and admirers in all walks of life.

He can be safely entrusted with the office of assemblyman and if the voters of McKean send him to Harrisburg he will bring results.

THE ANDREWS CASE.

Commonwealth Secures Two Important Witnesses.

Monday an unlooked for development came to the surface in the John M. Andrews case when two more witnesses were found who will testify at the next trial for the Commonwealth that they did not see John M. Andrews in the postoffice on the night Emile Amann was murdered. This will be used in breaking the alibi the defense will attempt to introduce.

It was called to the attention of District Attorney Lyons to-day that Charles Carlson and A. M. Bacon were in the postoffice on the night of the the murder. The information leaked out through an admission Carlson made to that effect.

To-day Mr. Carlson started for Coalinga, Cal. He was stopped by a constable with a subpoena. Mr. Bacon was also found and invited to the office of the district attorney.

Mr. Carlson admitted that he was in the postoffice on the night of the murder, awaiting the arrival of his wife, it having been arranged to take in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which held the boards at the Library theatre that evening. Carlson and Bacon assert that they did not see Andrews in the postoffice. This corroborates the testimony of Starr Babbitt, a witness at the last trial, who said he was in the postoffice on the night of the murder, but did not see Andrews. It refutes the testimony of Mrs. Gerow, who says she saw Andrews there.

After learning what Carlson knew about the case and after serving him with a subpoena, he was allowed to continue his trip. Carlson promised to return for the trial.

The trend of questioning at the last trial was for the evident purpose of attempting to show that Mrs. Gerow mistook Babbitt for Andrews, there being somewhat of a resemblance, it is said.—Warren Times.

DONATION DAY.

Was Observed By the Travellers' Club Saturday.

The citizens of Smethport responded very generously to the invitation of the Travellers' Club for a Bon Air donation day. Fifty-three dollars and thirty-eight cents in cash was contributed. Also blankets, sheets and pillow cases, a quilt, nearly fifty cans of fruit and jelly and a number of magazines.

The committee in charge wish to heartily thank all who aided in any way.

Dr. Johnston was present at the meeting and gave a very instructive and entertaining talk on the subject of State Prevention of Disease. M. F. Melvin described the work at Bon Air and expressed his appreciation of the sympathy and aid he has always found in our town.

Mrs. Guy McCoy read an interesting paper on Modern Philanthropy, in conclusion referring to the relief work accomplished at Austin after the recent disaster in that place. Mrs. E. L. Keenan acted as chairman of the day. About forty members and guests were present.

ICE DOES DAMAGE.

Corner of Foundation of Herzog's Mill Knocked Out.

As a result of the warm weather this week the ice covering Marvin creek has been going out. Tuesday morning a large cake of ice measuring several feet in area and about three feet in thickness did considerable damage to Herzog's mill on Mill street.

In passing through the splash dam at the rear of the mill the large cake was caught in an eddy below the dam and following the strong current the cake crashed against the northeast corner of the building with tremendous force and before it could be dislodged battered down a section of the stone foundation at the corner, which measured several feet. The balance of the wall on the north side was thrown badly out of plumb.

PROSPECTIVE TEACHERS.

The Spring Term of the Clarion State Normal School will open March 26th. Special review classes will be organized for those preparing for the county examinations. Classes in Agriculture, School Law, Methods and Music and Drawing and School Management will be maintained. Write for catalogue. Tuition free to prospective teachers.

HARRY F. SHAFER, Prin.

1t Clarion, Pa.

DID NOT MAKE GOOD.

Col. Gardner's Friends Were All Ready With the Weeps.

Warren Times: Some time ago, as chronicled in the Times, Col. Gardner of Clarendon was reported as dead and Mr. Gardner tearfully read his own obituary.

The following letter from D. H. Jack, a well known Bradford attorney, has been received by Mr. Gardner and makes known the plans made for meeting what remained mortal of Mr. Gardner and escorting the body to the final resting place in the cemetery:

"Dar Colonel: I was invited the other day to meet the 12 o'clock train from Buffalo and escort your remains to their last resting place in Oak Hill cemetery. Among those present were some of your old friends, Major Hawkins, John Loy, M. W. Wagner, Dan Robertson and others. We were there when the train pulled in and were very much disappointed not to meet you. Felt a little hurt that you would back out at the last minute. Under the circumstances, however, we have decided to forgive you and trust you will not need our services for a great many years.

"With kindest regards, and hoping that you will live forever, if you want to, Yours very truly,

D. H. JACK."

FORMALLY ARRAIGNED.

Olean Man Who Killed Son's Wife Pleads Insanity.

Little Valley, March 14.—William Lundy, aged 70 years, was arraigned before Justice Charles A. Pooley in the Supreme Court yesterday, charged with murder in the second degree for killing his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Lundy, in Olean, on February 21. Lundy was held in the first degree on the preliminary examination, but apparently District Attorney G. W. Cole and the grand jury were convinced that it would be difficult to establish an adequate motive, which is essential to conviction in the first degree.

Lundy, through his attorney, M. K. Jewell, pleaded not guilty on the ground of insanity and the case was sent to the county court for trial. Justice Pooley fixed the bail at $5,000. Whether Lundy expects to procure bail could not be ascertained. The case will come up for trial before Judge Thomas H. Dowd in the county court which opens the second Monday in April.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

BRADNER'S of Olean, N. Y., announce their formal Spring Opening, Wednesday, March 27th, from 7:30 to 10:00 p. m. Casey's Orchestra supplemented by a large chorus of sweet voiced Canary Birds will furnish the music. The store throughout will be especially trimmed for the occasion with merchandise, Palms and Flowers. The entire store has just been re-decorated for the occasion and will present a scene that will be worth your time and attention. Mrs. Hornbeck has been engaged to take charge of the refreshments. The men, whose presence we particularly desire on this occasion, will also be provided for. There will be no merchandise sold on Wednesday night but the decorations will remain intact throughout Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 28, 29 and 30. On these days the new Spring merchandise throughout the store will be on sale in every department.

It BRADNER'S.

FOR SALE.

A first-class boarding house of 19 rooms. Modern in every respect. Furnishings strictly first-class and mostly new. An exceptional opportunity for responsible person. Good lease. Will sell at a sacrifice. Owner wishing to leave city, quick sale and cash only. Filled with permanent guests. Present income $476.00 per month. Rent of house $62.50 per month. Location, near Richmond Circle.

PEARLE BUSH,

1t 36 St. Johns Place,

Buffalo, N. Y.

LOST.

A bunch of keys, four large and two small ones, between school house and my flat, over Brennan's store. Finder please return to

MISS ROSE ALLEN.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

Violence and the Widow

By Lawrence Alfred Clay

(Copyright, 1911 by Associated Literary Press.)

It was a matter of gossip that Mr. Clyde Vernon the sculptor, was to marry the young and rich widow, Mrs Coleman who had been out of mourning for a year or more As a matter of fact, both principles in the case had been congratulated by intimate friends The widow had blushed and made no reply and the gentleman had said that he was too busy to grant an interview that day

There was more than a grain of truth in the gossip but gossip had hurried things along too fast It was a case of love, but love, except in those cases where an empty headed New York girl wants to buy a title and a "critter" with it, can't be hurried. Then the whole business can be concluded in twenty four hours Besides being young and rich , the widow was called handsome Besides being fairly well off, the sculptor had a fine face and figure, and a name in the world, and among athletes he had a high rank He wasn't crazy on that subject, but he needed exercise, and he took it this way

There was one thing about the widow he had not yet come to understand She had inherited a terror of violence She had fainted away at sight of two men exchanging blows on the street A lame dog or a wounded bird brought out all the sympathy in her On an occasion her only brother had been rendered insensible by a blow from a ruffian She classed athletics under the name of rough house" and it so happened that she had neither read nor heard of Mr Vernons 'exercises The information came to her with a great shock

Through the newspapers she read that at a high toned club where a "scrap' had been put on her admirer had donned the gloves and knocked out Billy the Terrible who was a quarter of an hour recovering his terrible senses What kind of gloves were used the widow didn't care but there was one thing sure—Mr Vernon must be a brute to step forward and hit Mr Billy a punch on the jaw that almost deprived him of his life

She had read the sculptor as a man of refined and gentle nature but she now saw that those sentiments were

She Fished and She Thought

but thin veneer The brute nature lay close to the surface He might use his fists on the gardener—on the cook—even on her' She could think of him only with a shudder and she could think of The Terrible only as some guileless half grown man who had been cajoled into standing up to be knocked down

It was a dainty little note Mr Vernon received a few hours later at his studio, but it had a sting to it The golden cord if golden cord there had been, was broken and the silver bowl was mashed flatter than a pancake The two were to be strangers henceforth Yes he was reading the dainty little note that sealed his doom while one of his club friends was saying

"Clyde old man that was one of the prettiest punches I ever saw He was about to swing with his left when you crossed your right and oh, Lordy how he sat down and snored!"

'Yes—ahem!' replied the sculptor as he laid the note carefully aside

'She'll have a husband that can protect her '

'Yes—just so"

"I've congratulated you once, but shake again"

'Yes"

Would Mr Vernon answer the note? Would he call and ask the privilege of making an explanation? Certainly not No woman except a prize fighter's wife, could be made to believe that boxing was not brutality If the widow had wanted an explanation she would have asked for it—even demanded it And so it came about that the gossips had another thing to talk about They asked each other why, but no one could tell The nearest that any one got to it was to say that there was another woman in the case—an old love with whom the sculptor had quarreled and made up again

It is easy enough to answer what a widow does in town There is society and there is shopping But when she goes out to her country house, what then" She wants a rest and she gets it in part by going fishing if the lake or river or creek isn't too far away She may give it up for the day after a nibble or two, but she has rested and had time to think of many things It was so with the Widow Coleman. After her trunks had been unpacked and the servants had settled into their places she took pole and line and went through the woods to the creek She fished and she thought She fished and she meditated. She fished and she felt irritated and annoyed

That's a woman's way She will give a lover his conge in the most emphatic terms hoping never to see his face again and then get mad because he doesn't come around and show it the day after When the Widow Coleman dispatched that note she fully expected the sculptor to come rushing to the house within an hour When he didn't rush she expected a note in reply No note She waited two months and then flew to the country She carefully suppressed the fact of her going from the columns of the society journals, but at the same time told some one who would be sure to tell Mr Vernon Two weeks of fishing and thinking and sighing and no Mr Vernon' She didn't exactly say out loud that Mr. Billy, the Terrible, could go hang, but she thought it

And down at the house one afternoon while the fishing and thinking were going on an Italian tramp applied for food and was refused it He went out of the gate muttering and threatening, and caught a chicken in the road and started up through the woods to roast and eat it

As he found a spot to make camp he caught sight of the widow fishing Here was a chance for revenge, and perhaps plunder He got down on hands and knees and crept toward her, but while he was yet yards away a stick broke under his knee and she sprang up to take in the situation and scream out and then fall in a faint When she recovered consciousness Mr Vernon was bending over her and sprinkling water in her face

'I was passing in my auto and heard your scream ' he simply explained

But there was a man here" she said

"Yes and he's here yet"

"And I saw a knife in his mouth as he came creeping toward me"

"I have the knife

"And mercy on me you are bleeding from the arm'

Yes he cut me when I closed in on him If you will get up I will help to the auto and take you home I've got the fellow securely bound and he won't get away while I am gone He's got a face on him that isn't pretty to look at"

It was only a few rods to the highway and the auto and no more words were spoken until the house was reached Then the woman said

'Clyde you must come in and have that wound dressed"

He went in and with her soft fingers she bandaged it, rejoicing that it was only a lively scratch When the dressing was over she looked him squarely in the eyes and asked

'Clyde did you hit that man with a club?

'No ma'am, he answered in a rather defiant way

'Then with what?"

'With my fist '

"And where?'

"On the point of the jaw, just where I knocked out Billy the Terrible'

She turned and looked out of the window for a moment and then turned back to say

I'm glad you did' You go out on the veranda and smoke and I'll tell the constable over the telephone to come and get the fellow Yes it's awfully nice to be able to hit a man on the point of the jaw' I almost wish I could have seen you do it' '

Settling a Smart Lawyer

A law case was proceeding in old Mexico and a mining expert was on the stand as a witness

Where were you born, sir?' inquired the lawyer

In England, sir"

'How many times have you crossed the Atlantic?'

Twenty times"

The lawyer jumped up and addressed the judge 'Your honor, I impeach the veracity of this witness He says he was born in England and has crossed the Atlantic 20 times It would be impossible for him to have crossed the Atlantic that number of times and be on this side now There is perjury here, your honor His visits to this side would make odd numbers, and his visits to the other side even numbers and yet he is here and has the audacity to swear he has crossed the Atlantic 20 times. I impeach him, your honor"

"How do you explain this, sir?" asked the judge sternly

"Why," said the witness, "the last time I came to this country I came by way of the Pacific ocean"—Saturday Evening Post

The Mercantile Muse.

"Has Josh been writin' any more poetry?' asked Farmer Corntossel

'Yes,' replied the young man's mother He says you mustn't be disappointed if he doesn't git much pay for it, cause it takes a reputation to make poetry profitable

'Mebbe so But I've got an idea that poetry is like butter It all looks so much alike till after you cut into it, an' there's so much imitation that people is afraid to take chances"

Miss Celia's Bow

By Maria Crawford

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"That's lovely, Miss 'Celia. Play some more,' demanded Betty, getting up to spread out her white skirts with precision before sitting down again "I have to keep this dress nice, you know, because mother has gone down the mountain to the station to meet my uncle and he is most particular about the way I look"

So your uncle is coming' What is he like, Betty' '

"Mother said she hoped he would fall in love with you, for she thought you were the finest girl she ever knew. I can't tell you what he's like, 'cause it's been a long time since I saw him He's been traveling for a long while. Daddy said he's been in love with some girl who wouldn't marry him, but mother laughed and said he was silly to say such a thing, for all the girls adore Uncle Bob and he could just take his choice if he wanted any of them"

'You never told me that his name was Bob Betty"

"Didn't I? Well, that doesn't make any difference, does it? Don't you like the name of Bob Miles 'Celia'"

'Yes of course dear I—I just didn't remember having heard his name You haven't told me what he is like Betty '

'Big as a barn Daddy says that's the most spressive thing you can say about Uncle Bob"

Robert Mayfield is a very pretty name, isn't it' '

That's not his name He is mother's brother Now please play"

Afraid to arouse the child's suspicion by too many questions Miss 'Celia tucked the violin lovingly under her chin and softly drew the fragile bow across the strings In a min

'It's Mighty Sad Sounding"

ute she had forgotten the rapt little face of the child before her and was living again in her romantic past, which had been of so short duration that it often seemed as mysterious and unreal as a dream

'That's grand Miss Celia.' The child's voice brought her back to the present It's mighty sad sounding, though It makes cold shivers run up and down my back and I hurt way inside Mother says that sounds like I had the heartache, but of course, she said I am too little for that"

I hope you will stay too little to know the agony,' said Miss 'Celia, suddenly wrapping her violin to put it away

"Play one jolly piece and make me feel good Miss 'Celia. Try that one where leaves are dancing It sounds just like the leaves do out there on the mountain when the wind blows"

What a flatterer you are, Betty' One more, then I must stop else the people over in the hotel will be asking me to move"

"No they won't. Everybody says they love to hear you play Old Mr. Wilson says that you can make a fortune by playing on the stage This is the loveliest cottage I ever saw How long are you going to stay on the mountain, Miss 'Celia?"

"I don't know, dear I feel as if I would like to stay here always"

"I know all the girls are charming," said Bob Thorne to his sister, as they went slowly up the mountain road, "but please keep them at a distance I came down here to visit you and Betty for a week Of course I will meet your friends—I don't want to be a boor—but don't expect any Chesterfield stuff of me or you will be disappointed"

Betty's mother looked at the six feet of splendid manhood

"All right," she said quietly and began to believe her husband's story of Bob's love affair

"I haven't seen Miss 'Celia all day. I wonder why she hasn't played any. There, listen, Uncle Bob, that's my Miss 'Celia playing now."

Betty moved closer to her big uncle where he sat on the hotel steps and laid her hand on his knee

"'Celia!" said the man softly, "'Celia' '

It was almost twilight and there was a quiet hush on the mountain, The notes of the violin came to his ears and their music was no louder than the sound of the south wind as it sighed through the pine trees and stirred the maple leaves touched with the crimson of the fall There was the pain of an aching heart in the music of the strings and Betty, nestled closer to the man and turned her pink palm to meet the big hand that had closed protectingly over her small one

Soon the music changed The notes grew light and happy and then launched into a triumphant love song It was as if the player himself were calling to her mate and it seemed so insistent was the call that if such were the case he must answer, even though he had to come across a world to her.

"Come, Betty," said Bob Thorne hoarsely, 'take me over to see your Miss 'Celia."

'I wanted to take you this morning but you said you hoped you would be delivered from any girls here I'm awful glad we're going I just can't get along without seeing Miss 'Celia every day"

'Betty pushed open the door and peered in the shadows of the living room in the cottage

"Wait," she whispered to the man beside her, and went in alone

"Hello, Miss 'Celia. Let's light the candles so we can see!"

That task accomplished, Betty demanded more music So it was that just as Miss 'Celia lifted the little rosewood instrument to her shoulder Bob Thorne, finding that he could wait no longer, stepped into the glow of the candles

"This," said Betty proudly, "is my Miss 'Celia, Uncle Bob"

'Entirely yours?' ' gravely questioned the man as he took Miss Celia's cold little hands in his own

The introduction properly effected, Betty went off in search of Miss 'Celia's mother and the cookies that were always ready for her

Well," asked the man, 'is it always to be just the violin, 'Celia?" His tone held the bitterness of long suffering

'Not if you—if you still want me," answered the girl breathlessly Then when she was clasped close to him a voice from somewhere under his chin said, Oh I was so afraid it wouldn't be you after all, and you wouldn't hear tonight

'Celia, how did it happen? What has come to change you so?"

Time said Celia and sorrowful loneliness Art may be enough for some women I do but I am not one of the elect

'Elect' scornfully

'I thought I owed it to mother to make something out of my music when I had been so carefully educated I tried harder than ever after you went away——

'After you sent me away," he interrupted

"But my genius came down to merely talent and I grew discouraged I broke down then gave up my college work and came to the mountains to get strong and try to forget—you But when I met Betty I gave up all hope of forgetting, for she has your way of demanding things and getting what she wants

Not always There was a shadow in the man's eyes at thought of his lonely journey over the world to forget one face and the sound of one violin

Don't look like that, Bob" cried the girl I am so much better fitted for you if—if you still want me"

There was a pause while he proved to her entire satisfaction again how much he wanted her

You know I tried to believe that I was a modern woman I wanted a career and fame Betty made me realize that a happy life for a woman is bounded by love and a home"

God bless Betty," said her uncle fervently

'When I heard that a man was coming, and all they told me was that his name was Bob, and that he was big I hoped oh you don't know how I hoped and prayed that he would prove by some miracle to be you '

"So you are willing to give up a career for me?'

'I'll never play again Bob, unless you want to hear me '

'That will be often, dear I am not selfish and I'll never be jealous of your violin again To tell you the truth, I have run from the sound of a violin for a year, for the music of one always made me want you '

You ran to it tonight '

Only because I knew the sound of your bow on the strings and I knew that I would find you here So you are really going to give up walking the boards in the glare of the footlights?"

"Yes," said the girl, happily, 'for a space no larger than the circle of your arms '

"And the light?"

'Of one man's eyes"

Quite Another Matter.

Do you give gas here" asked a wild looking man, who had rushed into a dentist's

'We do," replied the dentist.

"Does it put a fellow to sleep?"

"It does"

"Sound sleep, so you can't wake him up?'

"Yes"

"You could break his jaw or gouge out his eye and he wouldn't feel it?"

'He would know nothing about it."

'How long does he sleep?'

'The physical insensibility produced by inhaling gas lasts a minute or probably a little less"

"I expect that's long enough Got it all ready for a fellow to take ' '

'Yes, take a seat in this chair and show me your tooth"

Tooth' Nonsense!" cried the excited caller, beginning rapidly to remove his coat and vest 'I want you to pull a porous plaster off my back'"—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Elizabeth's Peril

A whoop of mingled rage terror and pain penetrated to the upper regions and heralded the coming of Elizabeth

Elizabeth's mother, for whom the sound familiar though it was has never been robbed of its terrors ran out of her bedroom and half way down the stairs to meet her wailing offspring She sank down upon one of the steps and instantly a pair of frantic arms were locked about her knees and a Dutch cropped head and a huge pink hair ribbon were buried in her lap

Elizabeth's mother gathered into her protecting arms the head the pink bows and as much as possible of the plump, pathetically heaving body

'What's the matter with mother's baby?' she asked tenderly

"Wow, wow, wow!' ' answered Elizabeth

Elizabeth's mother clasped her little daughter closer to her "Are you hurt, darling?' she queried, anxiously

Wow wow wow' The pink bows vibrated violently, but indefinitely

Elizabeth dear" said her mother trying to uncover the bidden face you must stop crying and tell me what's the matter Are you hurt"

The head merely burrowed deeper into the friendly lap It's—it's my tooth Gasped Elizabeth finally

Your tooth sweetheart" exclaimed her mother Does it ache?

No I don't guess so' The answer came in a tone that was something between a bellow and a snivile.

Then what's the matter' Elizabeth's mother was growing slightly peevish under the strain Elizabeth, you've got to stop howling and tell me She raised the tear stained face and held it firmly between her two hands

Now tell me she said, authoritatively If your tooth doesn't ache what are you shrieking about"

There was a free outburst of tears but with the flood came the words It's—oh, it's coming out'

Elizabeth's mother gave a little sigh of relief She kissed the top of the anguished head That's nothing to cry about, precious she said comfortingly You'll soon have a nice new one in its place

Oh I don't mind the tooth wailed Elizabeth but Tom said—oh dear' Oh dear me' We was all out playin ——"

We were out playing corrected Elizabeth's mother gently

Yessum We was all out playin and Tom he come along—'

Tom came along baby, Elizabeth's mother said patiently

Yessum And Tom he come along and he said— The remainder of the story was lost in another whoop of woe

Elizabeth's mother rose and led her small daughter to the bathroom and bathed her face thoroughly

After that she took the very woebegone infant into the mother's own room and sat down in the big rocking chair with Elizabeth in her lap and rocked her until the sobs had ceased When the much to be desired result had been gained she went to her dresser and took out a paper bag of soft molasses candy Elizabeth's eyes glistened

Now ' said Elizabeth's mother "we are going to have a perfectly beautiful treat, just us two

Fairly radiating joy, Elizabeth burled her more or less uncertain little tooth in the piece of candy Then she removed the candy hastily gave it one look and immediately set up a shriek that made the plaster nearly start from the walls

Wow wow wow!' She took up the cry where she had dropped it a short time before Wow wow wow' My tooth's gone and Tom said—'

The shriek ceased as suddenly as it had begun Two large tear drops were arrested midway down her fat cheeks and a smile, beginning in a very small way grew until it threatened to bisect her face She ran to the mirror and regarded intently the gap left by the departed tooth

'Why, mother—Tom thaid, he thaid that when my tooth came out—he thaid that he knew a girl who looked just like me, with little poppy eyes and pink hair ribbouth and when her tooth came—that when my tooth came out—that when her tooth wath gone—that I wouldn't know how to do anything but just whithle' He thaid that when that girl's tooth that looked like me wath gone she couldn't ever talk again. And, mother, it wathn't tho' It kind o' hitheth when I do it, but I can talk' I can talk jutht ath much ath ever!'

Elizabeth's mother fled hastily into the next room and buried her head in a thick bath robe which was hanging in the corner of the closet.

'The eternal feminine'" she choked 'How her father would enjoy it if I should tell him! But I don't believe I'll tell him I think this is a case in which only a mother can thoroughly sympathize."

The Cause

How do you account for those half dozen houses of yours in the block going off so soon?"

Because in them I had the six best cellars"

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In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To

Brasted's

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 21, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Treasurer's sales appear in this issue of The Miner.

—The Lindholm Company has a change of advertisement in to-day's Miner.

—Read the Pierce-Arrow Sales Company's advertisement on the editorial page.

—Just when in need of shoes it is welcome news to read of a big price reduction in Mohlheimer's advertisement in this issue.

—Sermon at St. Luke's Friday evening at 7:30 p. m. The Rev. J. E. Reilly, D. D., rector of Christ church, Oil City, will be the special preacher.

—At St. Luke's church last Sunday the music rendered by the choir was of the most inspiring nature. At the evening service Maunder's "Repentence, Pardon and Peace" was rendered with beautiful effect.

—Barbers in Hammond, Ind., and other cities of the Calumet region are organizing to fight what is known as the "concrete" face possessed by employes of the United States Steel Corporation's giant cement plant at Buffington where the air is filled with cement dust and settles in the men's beards. They sweat and when they go into the open air it sets and their faces are covered with reinforced concrete. Concrete reinforced with a stiff beard ruins the razors and the barbers want a feasible sand blast invented.

—At a meeting of the Coudersport citizens held at the office of W. K. Sweetland in, that town, it was decided to organize an independent telephone company capitalized at $25,000 for the purpose of controlling the telephone business in Coudersport. Plans for incorporation are under way and a charter will be asked for. Toll service can be arranged for through the Federal Telephone company via Port Allegany and Olean. Should it succeed it is promised that Coudersport will be equipped with a modern system.

—Olean Times: The well drilled in on the property owned by L. H. Ballard at Indian Creek, Friday, was shot Saturday afternoon and has started off at a 20-barrel gate. Such a well in this territory is accounted decidedly unusual and Mr. Ballard is receiving the congratulations of his fellow producers. This strike together with the advanced price of oil will doubtless tend to encourage more extensive operations in the field during the coming summer. A number of wells have already been located and the drill will be bouncing within a few weeks.

—The largest steam turbine in the world, with a capacity of 30,000-horse power, is to be built by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company, East Pittsburgh, for the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company, New York. By the erection of this engine the Westinghouse people will have developed the highest thermo dynamic efficiency on record. Besides being pioneers in the building of turbine power units, the company now enjoys the reputation of erecting the most powerful one.

—George Anderson, a well-known farmer in the Marvin creek valley, fell and broke both bones in his right ankle last Thursday in a peculiar manner. One of his horses had kicked the other and, while attending to the wound, he was standing on a box about a foot high when he slipped off, breaking his ankle as above described. Dr. Burg Chadwick reduced the fracture and Mr. Anderson is getting along nicely.

—Wilson Chamberlain, the young man who was arrested for the abduction of the fifteen-year-old Van Camp girl, and who was on trial for that charge yesterday, before Justice Chatley, the same being postponed until this afternoon, was again arrested yesterday on a warrant sworn out by County Detective Jones charging him with statutary rape, and was found guilty and placed in the lockup, owing to the fact that no justice could accept bail on such a serious charge, this being only bailable in the courts. From all accounts dramatic scenes took place during the trial which elicted much comment. Chamberlain was later given a hearing on the charge of abduction and held for court.—Kane Republican, Thursday. The man was brought to Smethport and lodged in jail to await trial.

—John H. Harter, late captain Co. D, 150th regiment, (Bucktails), died at his home in Oceola, Ohio, on Saturday morning, March 9, 1912, aged 73 years, 4 months and 18 days. Captain Harter was born near Aaronsburg, Center county, Pa. His early life was spent on the farm and then learned the blacksmith trade with Simon Rote at Aaronsburg; later moving to Mifflinburg where he followed his trade when he responded to the call of Abraham Lincoln and enlisted in the three year service in a company mostly made up of Union county boys. The story of the 150th regiment is full of thrilling events, daring deeds and sad memories. The command engaged in the following important battles: Gettysburg, Wilderness, Laurel Hill and Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, Hatcher's Run, Danby's Mill, and many other minor engagements.—Bellefonte Gazette.

—A Cross Fork special of March 14 says: It has just been disclosed that a queer-looking stranger who spent several weeks in this region last month, ostensibly to buy up ginseng and make contracts with the gatherers for next year's crop, was a government officer in the employ of the internal revenue department, the purpose being to run down the location of an illicit distillery, believed to be somewhere in this locality. It is reported that liquor has been shipped out of here under the label of distilled birch, and that, too, there are more than one of the old-time "pig's ears" flourishing in the lower part of Potter county. Birch distilleries are legitimately and quite extenatively conducted throughout the districts where the timber has been cut off, and where the second growth has produced a plentiful sprinkling of birch. It might be quite easy for one of these distilleries to be surreptitiously changed into a whiskey mill and the products thereof sold under the guise of some other kind of stuff.

Her Restful Summer

"This going away for the summer," announced Whatcher at the beginning of the season, "is merely a fad. Why go away to some swampy lake and contract typhoid from the water supply and quarrel with all the other women there and have nerves over Johnnie's tendency to explore the bottom of the lake and Mamie's admiration for the ribbon clerk on his two weeks' vacation when you have a perfectly good spot to rest in right here? The street is wide and shady; the yard is large, the house is roomy and the porch is screened in. The motor car out in the garage probably won't blow up yet for awhile, and there are oodles of hot water. Why not be original and stay where you can enjoy life? Then when fall comes you will be rested and in fine condition for the rush of winter!"

So the Whatchers stayed at home.

It was early in June that the Whatchers' cousins from Six Corners, Ia., wrote that they would be in Chicago in a day or two and that they would dearly love to see their relatives if the latter were in town. There was nothing for Whatchers to do but confess by letter that they were indeed in town.

When the cousins came they brought the baby and little Susan and Amanda and a rabid desire to see as much of the city as they could by working 24 hours a day. They said it was splendid that Cousin Whatcher owned such a nice touring car, because it was so easy to get about in it. So they burned up as many gallons of gasoline in a day as the Whatchers had used in two weeks.

After they got the hang of things, the cousins used to let Mrs. Whatcher stay at home and take care of the three children while they roamed the city. All day long while Mrs. Whatcher sat smothered in sticky children she thought of the cool lake breezes playing on the cousins' brows and how she had planned a daily drive through the parks and how she wasn't getting it.

When the cousins arrived home in time for dinner they would ask mother's darlings if they had been happy. Then, as they dressed hastily for the theater they would give Mrs. Whatcher directions on how to put the three angels to bed. Sometimes they let Mrs. Whatcher go along if they wanted to be shown something, but she had to hold the two children to pay for her treat. When the cousins left, Mrs. Whatcher burst into relieved tears and Whatcher, who was privileged to gaze upon his motor car for the first time in two weeks, swore in sympathy.

When Aunt Martha wrote that she had heard they were in town and would seize the opportunity to pay them a visit and do her autumn shopping at the July bargain sales the Whatchers ran around in circles, but Aunt Martha arrived before they had found cover.

Aunt Martha was a vigorous person, who did not mind that the hottest wave of the season made its appearance in her train. Hot weather always reduced Mrs. Whatcher to a pulp, but Aunt Martha, who was going to leave them some money some day if she ever died, insisted on having her dear niece's valuable judgment on her purchases. From eight o'clock in the morning until five o'clock at night she dragged her dear niece through furnacelike basements, pouncing upon eight-cent gingham marked down from fifteen cents and cake tins that were ten cents less than they were at home. When the supply of basements ran out Aunt Martha took to stuffy corners, where she unearthed year-before-last's silks, in price reduced one-half.

After she had accumulated two trunkfuls of this sort of plunder, she tripped on a cobblestone and sprained her ankle. Then Mrs. Whatcher waited on Aunt Martha for two weeks, because Aunt Martha had a prejudice against trained nurses. After this visitor's departure Whatcher was able to catch an occasional glimpse of the wife of his bosom, but he asked at first who the strange lady was, for she was such a wreck that he didn't know her.

Just as Mrs. Whatcher was beginning to get rested Whatcher's sister and her family dropped off the train to visit the dear relatives and incidentally to shop. As Whatcher and his sister always got along together just as beautifully as do gunpowder and blazing matches, the visit reduced the Whatchers to still deeper misery.

Then the people next door got a phonograph and the young man across the street took to playing the cornet. In the midst of these afflictions two more cousins from Iowa came, because, as they said, the other Iowa cousins had had such a perfectly grand time that they didn't want to miss the chance, since the Whatchers were in town for the summer. They said they thought the Whatchers were very wise not to attempt to go away, since Mrs. Whatcher looked so sickly. The place for her, they said, was at home, where she could have absolute quiet and rest and do exactly as she pleased.

The cook left in the middle of this visit and the second girl gave notice, so Mrs. Whatcher celebrated the departure of the cousins by going to a sanitarium for a month.

The KITCHEN CABINET

THERE are no birds in last year's nest;
In last year's cream there are no flies;
No vain regrets disturb my breast
For aught that in the future lies;
And last year's birds and last year's flies
Have passed the reach of tears and sighs.

—Bob Burdette.

DON'TS FOR THE BABY.

Don't dance him on your knees until his little brain is addled.

Don't pin him into tight bands and clothes and then wonder why he cries.

Don't forget that three hundred thousand babies die each year before they are a year old, in our own United States.

Don't forget what the baby needs and not what you would like to do for him.

Don't lack courage to forbid promiscuous kissing of your baby.

Don't forget to feed him regularly.

Don't forget that he needs much sleep and much letting alone, lots of fresh air and sunshine, as does any young plant.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

An excellent way of cleaning lamp chimneys is to hold them over the spout of the tea kettle full of boiling water until they become well steamed, then polish with a clean, dry cloth.

The stems may be quickly removed from currants by sprinkling them with a little flour and then rubbing them between the hands. This takes much less time than picking them over, and is quite as effective.

Try using an old paint brush to put on stove blacking.

Think every day of beautiful things, for if you don't you will soon get so that there are no beautiful things to think of.

No matter how house work presses, now how much sewing there is to do, it will pay to take a little time each day, if possible at least two or three times each week, to get out doors and enjoy the beauty of nature, to draw in deep breaths of pure, sweet air, so that the body and spirit may be refreshed. Work will go better, so that it pays. Even if things were not done a woman owes it to herself to pay some regard to her finer nature. Her family will appreciate her the more she values herself. There are home duties and duties which belong to herself, and she who honors both is the all around useful, happy woman.

Nellie Maxwell

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Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck

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Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank B. Foster, Smethport.
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Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adalt, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders , Clermont; A. B. Cory, Corrywille.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. H Biever, Secretary; J. W. Walte, E. W Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove
Constable—U. H. Foote.
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Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, H. M McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 288, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
J. L. MORRISON, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 289 meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatry degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE KAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 8 meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ANNIE O. STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. B. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. E. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGarrett, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m. Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30. Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. K. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. K. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:00 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

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For Women

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Save Money and Keep in Style by subscribing for McCall's Magazine at once. Costs only 50 cents a year, including any one of the celebrated McCall Patterns free.

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McCALL'S MAGAZINE

236-246 W. 37th St., New York City

Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - Pa.

Assets..... $565,150.00

We solicit your account.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging.

Millinery and 5 and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

BLOOD STONE

Birthstone of March

Look over our fine line of Rings and Pins

Engstrom & Olson, Jewelers

Smethport, - - Pa.

EASTERN SEASHORE TRIP

15-Day Excursion

Atlantic City

Cape May

Wildwood Ocean City

Sea Isle City,

Friday, April 5, 1912

$10.80 from Smethport

Tickets good going on regular trains April 5, and good returning until April 19. STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA returning on deposit of ticket.

Full particulars of ticket agent, or B. P. Fraser, D. P. A., 307 Main St. Buffalo.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

—also—

BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS a specialty

JAMES QUIRK, Prop,

WE LL FIXINGS

For Balls, Parties and Dinners

Full Dress Suits

Hats, Shirts, Hose, Collars, Ties, Gloves, Studs, Cuff Links, Waist Coats, Etc.

All the new and best Ideas in fine Furnishings are Here and Ready for Inspection.

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House

52 54 Main Street

Bradford, Pa.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492.

WAVERLY GASOLINE

A good motor is worthy of the very best gasoline.

The three famous Waverly Gasolines—

76° — Special — Motor

Give Power Without Carbon

They are all refined, distilled and treated. They contain no "natural" gasolines, which are crude and unrefined and which carry the maximum of carbon-producing elements.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.
Independent Refiners
PITTSBURG, PA.

Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Family Favorite Oil.

FREE 200 Page Book—tells all about oil.

McKean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, March 21, 1912.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Congressman.

Editor Miner:—Please announce my candidacy for Congress from the Twenty-First congressional district, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries in April.

CHARLES E. PATTON.
Curwensville, Pa., Jan. 10, 1912.

I hereby announce that I a ma candidate for nomination to the office of representative in Congress from the 21st Pennsylvania district, subject to the action of Republicans at the primaries, in said district, April 13, 1912.

WILLIAM T. DE HAAS.
Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 9, 1912.

For State Senator.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for renomination for the office of State Senator, to represent the 25th Pennsylvania senatorial district, subject to the action of the Republican voters of Potter, McKean and Tioga counties, at the primaries, April 13, 1912.

FRANK E. BALDWIN.
Autsin, Pa., January 22, 1912.

For State Senator.

M. T. Stokes of Potter County

Pledged to work and vote for Equalization of Taxation and against the re-election of United States Senator Penrose.

For National Delegate.

We are authorized to announce the name of L. W. Gleason of Cameron county as a delegate to the National Republican Convention from the Twenty-first Congressional district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries on April 13, 1912.

Driftwood, Pa., Feb. 28, 1912.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of delegate to the Republican national convention from the 21st Pennsylvania Congressional district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on April 13, 1912. I favor the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt as the Republican candidate for President.

GUY B. MAYO.
Smethport, March 5, 1912.

State Delegate.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to the usages of the Republican party at the primaries to be held on Saturday, April 13, 1912.

H. E. GAFFNEY.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 5, 1912.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the position of delegate from McKean county, to the Republican State convention, subject to the action of Republican voters at the primaries April 13.

JAMES A. CONNELLY.
Ludlow, Pa., Feb. 6, 1912.

For Member of Assembly.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for nomination to the office of Representative in the General Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held April 13, 1912.

H. H. REDFIELD.
Smethport, March 12, 1912.

Editor Miner: I hereby announce that I am a candidate for assemblyman in the state legislature, from McKean county, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries on April 13, next.

R. J. HOFFMAN.
Bradford, Pa., March 19, 1912.

For obvious reasons Taft newspapers don't think favorably of the direct primary system. Roosevelt seems to like it.

Our townsman, Horace H. Redfield, will have no opposition for the Republican nomination for member of assembly. He and Ex-Mayor R. J. Hoffman of Bradford are the only names on the ticket and both will be nominated.

A terrible explosion occurred in the San Bois mine at McCurtain, Oklahoma, yesterday morning. There were 100 men in the mine at the time. Late news says that 13 escaped; forty bodies have already been taken out and 47 men are yet entombed, most of whom are probably dead.

Although there are two Republican candidates for the Congressional and two for the Senatorial nomination in this district, there has not, as yet, been much interest taken in these nominations. All local interest seems to be centered on the nomination of delegates to the national convention and the Roosevelt delegates seem to have a big lead in the fight.

Newspapers favoring the nomination of President Taft over Roosevelt are having a hard time explaining why Mr. Taft should be nominated simply because they do not like to come out in the open and take the side that the politicians should rule the people. That is the only reason Roosevelt should be defeated but the Taft crowd don't like to use that argument.

Nomination papers were filed in Harrisburg last Saturday for Hon. E. R. Benson of Mt. Jewett and Lyman H. Finney of Bradford for members of assembly from this ticket on the Democratic ticket. We understand that these nomination papers were filed without the consent of the gentlemen named and that both will withdraw their names before the primaries are held.

A Philadelphia special of March 15, says: Judge Audenried, in Common Pleas court here, to-day, declared the Catlin Commission unconstitutional. He said the commission had no more power to subpoena witnesses than a body of private citizens. The commission was created by the State Senate at its last session. It held sessions in this city and inquired into municipal conditions, much sensational testimony affecting Philadelphia officials being brought out.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate King Victor Emmanuel of Italy on Thursday last by an anarchist. The would-be regicide chose for his attempt the anniversary of the birthday of the late King Humbert, the father of the present king, who himself died the victim of an assassin's blow at Monza, on July 29, 1900. The king was fortunate enough to escape the shots fired at him from a revolver. They were several in number and were aimed from a very short distance. One of his majesty's bodyguard, however, in the immediate vicinity of the king, was dangerously wounded.

Passengers on the steamship Saratoga, which arrived in New York on Tuesday gave vivid accounts of the burial off Havana on Saturday of the battleship Maine, of which they were eye-witnesses. Capt. Miller said that it was the most inspiring spectacle he had ever witnessed. "After her seacocks were opened and the old Maine began to sink," said Capt. Miller, "a small wave broke over her bow. Then she dived, bow-foremost, under the sea. As the air was expelled from her hull it swept her decks, sending up a cloud of dust. Except for the American flag, which was still visible from her mast head, this was the last we saw of her." All the passengers of the Saratoga lined the rails during the ceremony, and many burst into tears. The Maine sank from view, according to the passengers, at 5:23 p. m. At 5:30 the Saratoga started full speed ahead for New York.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES

ATTENTION FARMERS!

Seeds Seeds Seeds

Our stock of seeds has been carefully selected from the best Timothy and Clover-growing sections. Can furnish you any kind or any amount furnish you any kind or any amount of Timothy, Mammoth Clover, Medium Clover, Alsyke Clover, Alfalfa Clover, White Clover, Orchard Grass, Kentucky Blue Grass, Fancy Red Top, Pasture Mixture, Lawn Grass Mixtures, etc.

We also have, in stock German Millett, Hungarian Millett, Japanese Millett or Billion Dollar Grass, Fodder Corn. Any kind of Garden Seed Peas. Also all kinds of bulk Garden Seeds.

We solicit you trade and ask you to write for prices and samples before buying, or call at our store, 121 & 123 West State Street, Olean, N. Y., and examine seeds.

3-14-4t L. Y. MILLER & SONS.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership organized and existing under and by virtue of an Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Penna., approved the 9th day of May, A. D. 1899, P. L. 261, under the firm name and style of the "Smethport Land and Improvement Company, Limited," as appears of record in the Recorder's office of McKean county, at Smethport in Miscelleanous Book "W," page 263, was dissolved on the 18th day of January, A. D. 1912, by a vote of the majority in number and interest of those who in the above-mentioned date instituted said partnership. All debts owing to said partnership are to be received by Guy H. McCoy, Secretary and all demands on such partnership are to be presented to him for payment.

Smethport, Pa., March 12, 1912.-6t.

THE 1912 PIERCE ARROW

A Buffalo Product

Generally acknowledged supremacy is not the work of a day or a year, but the cumulative result of many year's leadership which compels gradual recognition and emulation on the part of others in the same field. It is not the outcome of claims or arguments but solely the result of years of striving for the attainment of an ideal, counting no effort too great to bring about that superlative degree of excellence which gains recognition upon its merits alone. The development of the Pierce-Arrow Motor Car has represented the attainment of an ideal, the achievement of which has not been hampered by restrictions of cost or time, nor influenced by a passing demand for features most aptly characterized as "talking points" Conservatively designed on a sound engineering basis at the outset, with the maximum factor of safety at every point, every effort has been centered upon maintaining the ***Design*** and ***Construction*** in accordance with ***well-defined standards.*** The result is a ***perfect motor car.***

The Pierce-Arrow Sales Co.

754 Main Street, Buffalo

Easter Suits

The neest style and patterns for the Boys and little fellows we have ever shown.

Bring the boys in and we'll try one on.

H. W. Rubin,

THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

1913 Calendars

"Patronize the home dealer."

This is, or should be, the slogan of every business man in this community. This policy is your protection in business, and you have the right to expect the patronage of the community which you are helping to build up.

If this principle applies to merchandise and commodities of trade, why not to advertising as well?

I am in the market with the famous Collins line of calendars for 1913—the finest selection ever shown in this vicinity.

I shall be here when the calendars are delivered; and I can personally guarantee that the goods will be like the samples and that they will be delivered in time and in good condition.

My guarantee is your protection. Therefore make no arrangements for 1913 calendars until you have seen this line.

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor Miner.

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE
Can be more
TANTALIZING
TO THE KIDS
than the pantry with locked doors,
ESPECIALLY
When they know it is filled
With Good Things From Our Store!
Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON
Prepared coffee.
Made in the cup.
Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS'
PLUM PUDDING
Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,
PHONE 7.

Gold Leaf Rye Whiskey

Is Absolutely Pure. It contains the concentrated, nourishing qualities of rye from the richest fields, known to the trade.

It is distilled and aged under perfect conditions and with scrupulous care. Ask for it. For sale by.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
—WHOLESALE LIQUORS—
Smethport, - - - Pa.

SHOES! SHOES!

his is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,
THE SHOE MEN
Smethport, Penna

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

DE LAVAL

CREAM SEPARATOR

Pays for itself in one year

FOR SALE AT

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

The McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 21, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Mumps is prevalent.

—The sugar bushes have an inning now.

—The Main street pavement needs a bath.

—A fine day for the first day of spring.

—Winter appears to be in its second childhood.

—John F. Rooney is reported quite ill at the Hotel Imperial.

—Thomas O'Brien is seriously ill at his home on Bank street.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Palmer on Sunday, March 17, 1912, a girl.

—The Bennett Piano company of Warren has gone into the hands of a receiver.

—John S. Blair, a well-known Bradford druggist aged 60 years, died suddenly at his home yesterady afternoon.

—The person that picked up a pike lever near A. L. Reeves' barn Mar. 13, please return same to save further trouble.

—See the moving pictures to-morrow (Friday) night. E.-M.-F. and Flanders automobiles will be made at the Star that night.

—The ladies of the Baptist church will hold a cooked food sale at Strong's plumbing shop, Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

—Mrs. Earl Gallup and Misses Ina Milroy and Eva Hoffman entertained at cards last Thursday evening at the home of the former.

—The Berney-Bond Glass Bottle company's plant has been shut down since Tuesday of this week, but expect to resume work to-night.

—Mrs. E. R. Amster entertained a number of young people at her home on Bank street Saturday evening in honor of her daughter, Mary.

—A. P., S. & N. engine jumped the track on the switch at the Berney-Bond bottle factory on Tuesday and it took a couple of hours to get it back.

—The Odd Fellows band rendered a delightful concert in front of the postoffice last Sunday afternoon, which was greatly enjoyed by a large number of people.

—An enjoyable St. Patrick dance was held at the Lyceum Monday evening, a large number being in attendance. Chadwick's orchestra of seven pieces furnished the music.

—The heaviest snow storm of the winter came last night and early this morning. The snow is at least eight inches deep and has made trains more or less late this morning.

—Hal Hockenberry, the well known oil man, has moved his family from Shinglehouse to Smethport, having taken up his residence in the flat over Anderson & Carlson's shoe store on Main street.

—On Tuesday Judge Joseph W. Bouton heard a case in equity between the Kane & Elk railroad company and the Baltimore & Ohio railroad company. The decision will be handed down later.

—Bert Oviatt, formerly in charge of the section crew on the Clermont branch of the Pennsylvania railroad, with headquarters at East Smethport, has been transferred to Ischua, N. Y. He moved his family to that place the latter part of last week.

—John Protch, Jr., five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Protch, was drowned in Nicholas Run at Salamanca, N. Y., shortly after 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. While playing along the stream with other children the little boy fell in. His body was recovered within a half hour after the accident.

—Dr. and Mrs. John Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKean, who have been on a six weeks' trip to Cuba and Mexico, have sailed from Mexico City and are expected to arrive in New York on Monday. The Miner understands that Mr. McKean is suffering from an attack of illness, but that the party enjoyed their trip immensely.

—Excavating for the foundation for the fire alarm bell tower was started Monday. The tower will stand about 65 feet high and imbedded in four feet of concrete at the base. The bell will be shipped in a few days. Its weight is 2000 pounds. The site for the tower is on the borough lot adjoining the north side of the hose houes.

—The Rt. Rev. Rogers Israel, D. D., Bishop of Erie, will visit St. Luke's church Sunday, March 24. Services Holy Communion at 8:00 a. m., Holy Communion and sermon at 10:30 a. m., evening prayer and sermon at 7:30 o'clock. Confirmation will be administered at the 10:30 a. m. service. The Bishop will visit All Saints' chapel at 2:30 p. m.

—The Citizen's band will conduct a dance at the Lyceum, Easter Monday, April 8th, for the purpose of raising money for the buying of new uniforms and other incidental expenses. Chadwick's orchestra will furnish music and will be augumented for the occasion. The Citizen's band is an excellent musical organization and deserves the public's support.

—The trestle over the mill pond on the Keating & Smethport Railroad has tied up the Merry Widow runs between here and Larabee for the past two days. Some of the connections with the Pennsylvania railroad have been missed and others have been made by a special train from Larabee. We understand specials will be run from Larabee until the trestle is fixed and the Merry Widow is in commission again.

—Friday's Bradford Era: Deputy Sheriff W. H. Morrison on Wednesday afternoon arrested Lou McKenzie of East Main street on a bench warrant. She was charged with keeping a disorderly house. The woman was taken before Alderman Williams and gave bail in the sum of $500 for her appearance at the next term of criminal court. The arrest was the outcome of the recent white slave case in this city.

—It is of interest to know that Karl Hoschna, who wrote the Madame Sherry success, married a Potter county girl. His wife was Miss Hattie Hug, daughter of Joseph Hug of Abbot township, and it was while he was at their home that he wrote Madame Sherry. It is a matter of regret that he did not live to enjoy the great success of his work.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—Dorothy Stang, aged 16, and Violet Jay, aged 17, her accompanist, averted a panic in the nickelodeon of John Lewis, 2832 Carson street, South Side, Pittsburgh, Tuesday evening, when the audience saw smoke in the shaft of light from the picture machine. While the fire engine bells were clanging outside and the crowd was becoming nervous, the girls continued their music. Not until it was learned that the smoke came from a smokehouse in the rear of the theatre, owned by Joseph Kratoka, a butcher, and the crowd quieted, did the girls cease their efforts.

—Surveys of counties, preparatory to making maps of the roads required by the Sproul main highway bill are being pushed by State Highway Department engineers in districts where the surveys for the main highway routes are well advanced. Those maps will show not only main highways which will form part of the state system some day, but also existing improved roads and township roads. In short every road will be indicated. The maps are to be published and sold by the state at cost. They are being eagerly awaited in some counties where highways are not well defined.

—William Patrick Bane, aged 68, died at the hospital at Washington, Pa., Saturday night. He was a surviyor of the Civil war, and his friends claimed for him that he was the tallest man in the service, his height being 7 feet and 4 inches. He served as a private in Company A, Twenty-second cavalry. Although born and raised in Greene county, he was possibly as well known throughout the country at large as any one member of the Grand Army of the Republic. He attended practically all of the State and National encampments of that organization, and was generally placed at the heads of the marching column in the parades.

PERSONAL MENTION.

O. J. Hamlin was a Buffalo visitor Saturday.

Elisha K. Kane of Kushequa was in town Tuesday.

Sheriff M. C. Bain had business in Bradford yesterday.

Editor S. R. Lindsley was a Bradford visitor Monday.

Harry L. Howard of Instanter, Pa., was in town Tuesday.

Geo. W. Mitchell has returned from a business trip to Erie.

Rev. J. F. Dugan left for New York city Wednesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Chase have returned from an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup returned from New York city on Saturday.

C. G. Mesler of Kane was a Smethport visitor the first of the week.

Frank Potter, the county mercantile appraiser, was in town Tuesday.

S. J. Carlson of Turtle Point was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Coleman of Port Allegany were Smethport visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Backus and son, Ted, were Bradford visitors a few days this week.

Mrs. G. H. Denning and Mrs. E. W. Workley have returned home from a visit to Ambridge, Pa.

Miss Edith Young returned home Monday from a short visit with her sister, Miss Ella Young.

Mrs. L. C. Hoard and daughter, Miss Effie, of Salamanca, were the guests of Miss Ruth Hoard over Sunday.

Judge Jos. W. Bouton, who was holding court in Crawford county last week, returned home on Saturday.

Mrs. T. F. Williams and son, Crosby, of Butler, Pa., are guests of the former's mother, Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman.

Mrs. Stanley Bright left Friday for McKeesport, Pa., to attend the golden wedding of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Dunn.

Hon. Thos. A. Morrison has returned from Harrisburg. He has entirely recovered from the slight indisposition he suffered while there.

PUBLIC AUCTION.

I will sell at Public Sale at my farm near Farmers Valley, Pa., Saturday, March 23rd, 1912, the following goods: One team of Brood Mares, wt. 2400; About 10 tons of Hay; a lot of Buckwheat Straw; Reaper and Binder; Grain Drill; 2 Mowing Machines; Horse Rake; Single and Double Harness and Wagons; Set of Heavy Sleds; Plows; Harrows, and General Farming Utensils. Household Goods: Stoves, Chairs, Tables, Dishes, Organ, Beds and Bedding, a special Parlor Suite, etc. Sale begins at 1 o'clock p. m. Terms:—Amounts under $10.00, cash. Over $10.00, three months' time given on approved Notes.

3-14-2t V. J. (JOE) McGILL.

JOHNSONBURG ODD FELLOWS

Will Build an Addition to Their Temple—With Entertain Their Elk-McKean Brethren.

Johnsonburg, March 15.—Architect H. C. Park of Ridgway was in town on Monday looking over the Odd Fellows building on Center street for the purpose of preparing plans for the addition to the building which is expected to be made this summer. As stated in the Breeze some weeks ago it is the intention of this lodge to extend this building back to the line of the lot, a distance of about 20 feet, and to erect a third story on the same. The third floor will be used exclusively for lodge purposes, while the second floor will be used for social purposes. It is expected that plans and specifications will be completed in a short time and that work may be commenced on the improvements before the summer is very old.

The committee in charge of the preparations for the celebration to be held in this place April 26th, next, by the Elk-McKean Anniversary association, is still hard at work and it is the concensus of opinion that weather permitting, this will be the greatest event in the history of the association. From reports received, the several lodges in the jurisdiction will be well represented and that the friends of the order will be in attendance that day in large numbers, and that Johnsonburg will witness one of the largest crowds of visitors in its time. As special features of the day so far arranged may be mentioned a special session of the Grand Encampment in the forenoon for the admission of past chief patriarchs, the session being in charge of Grand Encampment officers. A parade in the afternoon participated in by hundreds of Odd Fellows from all parts of the district and from surrounding counties, following which will be a public meeting in the opera house. A feature of this meeting will be the address delivered by P. A. Shaner of Pittsburgh, a prominent member of the order and a pleasing public speaker. In the evening a number of degrees will be conferred by the crack degree team of Sugar Grove lodge, Warren county. For the entertainment of the general public there will be ball games, a dance and other forms of amusement.

FOR SALE.

3 new milch cows, 3, 4 and 8 years old. E. C. HUBBARD,

1t Eldred, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

LEAVE YOUR ORDER AT

Pickersgill's Bakery

—FOR—

HOT CROSS BUNS

Delivered For Warm Breakfast on Good Friday

Wanted Fifty Young Men, 18 to 25 Years old, to qualify for office positions that pay $75 to $100 per month. Special rates to early applicants for next school year. Full particulars on request.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean N. Y.

OUR LOSS Your Gain

NEW UP-TO-DATE Tan, Gun Metal, or Patent Leather

Walk-Over Oxfords

From 50c to 75c below ACTUAL Cost Price.

To reduce our Big Stock, you can buy a pair of Walk-Over, Low Shoes at

$2.50

instead of $3.50, $4.00 or $4.50

Now

is your chance to save from $1.00 to $2.00 on a fine pair of shoes.

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Cluett Shirts

FRY & COMES

The Store that sells "Wooltex"

Coats, Suits, Skirts, Dresses.

Spring Style Show of unusual magnitude.

MARCH 22 and 23

Mr. E. C. Thomas, representing one of the most extensive and reliable Cloak and suit makers will be at our store on above dates with a large stock of beautifully tailored ready to wear garments for your selection.

This exhibition coupled with our own new stock of garments, which will arrive within the next few days, will make an exhibition which will cover practically every want in these lines and afford a choice in point of variety and price rang only equalled by very large stores.

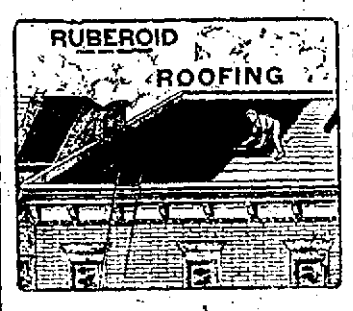
With the manufacturer aiding us in this way we are able to offer much better values and promise you substantial savings.

Special orders will be taken and garments made to individual measure and specifications where desired.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, : : : PA.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in your test.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

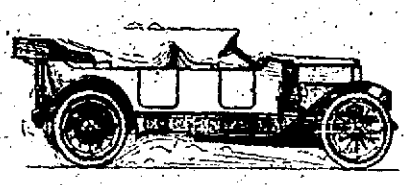
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE



THE new Columbia Silent Knight car is the last word in motoring and adds a new pleasure to the sport.

It is not an experiment nor is it untried. Like its European prototypes it is eminently worthy of the wide-spread interest that has been aroused for its power, flexibility and silence.

WRITE FOR LITERATURE

Columbia WITH SILENT KNIGHT MOTOR

The Columbia Motor Car Company

Division United States Motor Co.

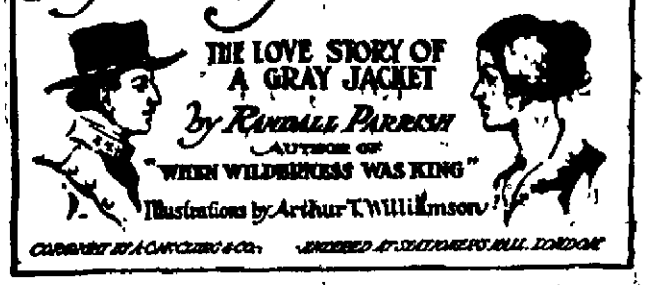
Broadway and 61st Street, New York, U.S.A.

BACKUS NOVELTY CO., Smethport, Pa.

DISTRIBUTORS FOR

McKEAN, POTTER and WARREN Counties

My Lady of the North



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CHAPTER IX—The disguised leader proves to be Major Brennan, a Federal officer whom the Union girl recognizes. He orders the arrest of Wayne as a spy, the girl protests and says she will appeal to General Sheridan.

CHAPTER XVII—Mrs. Brennan secures a pass through the inner lines and goes part way with Wayne when they are suddenly confronted by Brennan.

CHAPTER XVIII—Brennan attempts to shoot Wayne, but the latter throws his enemy to the ground senseless.

CHAPTER XIX—Bidding My Lady of the North adieu, Wayne starts alone on a wild dash for liberty. Encountering a man in a lieutenant's uniform, he compels him to accompany him.

CHAPTER XX—His companion turns out to be Jed Bungay in disguise. They clear the Union lines and race towards the Confederate camp.

CHAPTER XXI—Captain Wayne and the faithful Jed reach the Lee camp in safety and are sent away to accompany reinforcements to General Early.

CHAPTER XXII.—Wayne and his regiment are sent to save the Confederate army in the battle of Shenandoah. Here a solid wall of blue overwhelms them and the regiment is lost.

CHAPTER XXIII—Wayne is wounded and taken to the field hospital, where he is visited by Edith Brennan, who is kind and gracious.

CHAPTER XXIV—The wounded Confederates have a hard night ride as they are returned to camp, Wayne among them.

CHAPTER XXV—Wayne learns that Major Brennan has scattered the falsehood that he is a coward and refused to meet him to wipe out an insult to Edith Brennan.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Wayne and Jed Bungay are sent on a scouting detail from Richmond. The latter learns that the fortunes of war have disrupted his home and that his wife is a fugitive.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A Conversation in the Dark.

In my extreme surprise at the intimate cordiality expressed by her words and manner I failed to utterance. Anticipating coldness, indifference, possibly even resentment at my presuming to approach her, I was instead greeted by an unstudied warmth of welcome that made my heart beat fiercely.

"Surely I am not mistaken," she questioned rendered doubtful by my silence. "Is not this Captain Wayne?"

"There is no mistake," I hastened to assure her, "but I had anticipated from our last meeting a far less cordial greeting."

"Oh," she exclaimed, with a light laugh, "and is that all? Yet surely, if I was to believe my own eyes I was perfectly justified in my actions then. However, Captain I have been forced to realize the truth of that situation, and am now disposed to make up to you in kindness for all my unjust suspicions."

"I am more than delighted to learn that cloud is no longer to overshadow us. Miss Minor has made a full explanation then?"

"You have been completely exonerated and restored to my good graces."

As she spoke, I became aware that she was busily engaged upon some task and when she ended I felt the steel of a gun barrel touch my hand.

"Please pass this to Maria," she said calmly, and hand me back the one she has."

"You are loading, then?" I asked, as I complied with her request.

"We have all been busy. Isn't it terrible? I was so frightened at first, but now they tell me that you and your men have come there is no longer danger of those horrible creatures getting in here."

"You knew then that I was in the house?"

"I was told some noble Confederates had accompanied Lieutenant Caton back to aid us, but your name was not mentioned."

"Then my appearance must have proven a complete surprise?"

"Yes, and no" she answered frankly. "I was not sure it was you of course, and I did not venture to ask, but I knew you were in the neighborhood, and that such an act would be in a way characteristic. I was certain you would come if you knew, and I—I, well really I hoped it was."

In spite of a slight effort at restraint I groped in the darkness until I touched her hand. For the moment she permitted me to retain it, as if unconsciously, within my grasp.

"Why?" I questioned, scarcely relying upon my own voice.

"Oh, one always trusts friends more readily than strangers, and I have seen you in danger before, and possess such confidence in your courage and resource."

"But Miss Minor took particular care to inform me you felt little or no interest in me—that you never even spoke of me except as she compelled you to do so."

For a moment she did not answer. "How constant the firing continues," she said at last, as I sat struggling dumbly with temptation.

"A mere waste of powder, I fear," was my reply, given thoughtlessly. "When the rush finally comes we are likely to be without sufficient ammunition to repel it. I hardly expect those fellows out there will ever leave without a determined effort to carry the house by storm. I have no doubt they are simply drawing all this fire in the hope that our ammunition will thus be uselessly expended. It is an old army trick, and one I am surprised to see so experienced an officer as Major Brennan yield to. In my judgment they will make an effort to rush us as soon as there is sufficient light."

"But why not warn him?"

"Major Brennan would scarcely welcome any interference on my part."

"But surely, as a soldier, he must value the advice of another soldier?"

"Possibly you forget," I explained striving to speak as lightly of it as might be, "that there is a lack of friendship between Major Brennan and myself."

"Still?" she asked. "Truly I thought that might all be over. Even if it survived until now, this noble act of yours in coming to our defense should have earned you his gratitude. He—he has never once mentioned your name to me since that night."

"Not even when I came here with my troop, I believe?"

"No; yet I did not connect that fact with the other. I supposed it a mere oversight, or that he believed the mention of your name would not greatly interest me. Surely, Captain Wayne, you are not keeping open this unhappy wound?"

"On my word, no; but I regret to confess it is very far from being closed."

"He—Major Brennan does not know, then, that you are here now with me?" She evidently hesitated to ask this question.

"Certainly not," in surprise at her apparent innocence. "You cannot have supposed I had been sent here by him to talk with you?"

"I—I did not know. I do not think I realized," she stammered, vainly seeking for words with which to make clear her bewilderment. "I imagined you might have come at his suggestion to see that we were amply protected. This is all so very strange. He does not even know you are here, with us?"

"No" I admitted reluctantly. "Perhaps I have no excuse even for being here at all. My duty as a soldier is certainly elsewhere but I could not rest content until I knew you were in a position of safety. Believe me, Mrs. Brennan, I have intended no indiscretion, but I was informed by a soldier that you were being held here under fire."

Her hand touched mine impulsively, and it was warm and throbbing.

"I can merely thank you with all my heart, Captain Wayne, and assure you I both understand and appreciate your purpose. But truly I do not wish any trouble to occur again—you will go back to your post, will you not? You can serve me best in that way, and retain the gratitude and admiration I have ever felt for you."

"At once, Mrs. Brennan" I returned earnestly. "I realize I have done wrong in ever coming here as I have. It is my first act of disobedience to orders in all my military life. But tell me first that I have forfeited neither your confidence nor your friendship?"

She paused a moment then added quickly, as though in sudden rush of feeling. "No friend stands higher in my esteem than you—now please go, Captain Wayne."

As I crept back through the darkness, passing beneath the piano into the front room, which was filled with the choking fumes of powder, my mind was a chaos of emotions impossible to analyze. The very depth of love which drew me to her operated now in restraint. God alone knows the struggle in the darkness as I continued to move slowly away from her and toward the door. So deep was my agitation, so intense my thought, that I scarcely realized I was creeping along barely beneath the dead line of those bullets which constantly swept the apartment. Their crashing into the wall was almost meaningless, and I barely noted either the dense smoke or the fitful flashes of flame as the little garrison returned shot for shot. It was Brennan's voice—how hateful it sounded then—which recalled my attention.

"Mapes," he said, with the sharp tone of wearied command, "take a crack at that fellow over yonder by the big tree; he must be in range. You men, I verily believe, shut your eyes when you shoot, for there hasn't a man dropped out there in the last half hour."

I had reached the door by this time, but paused now, determined to venture one word of expostulation at his recklessness.

"Major Brennan," I said, speaking sufficiently loud to be audible above the uproar, "do you not think they will attempt to charge the house?"

"Not while we keep up this fire," he returned coldly, evidently recognizing my voice.

"I grant that, at least while darkness lasts. But you have just complained that your men were doing but small execution, and is there not danger of exhausting our stock of ammunition by such a useless fusillade?"

"It will last until our fellows get here—that is, if your man was ever really sent for aid, as you say."

There was a thinly veiled sneer in the words as he spoke them, but I curbed my temper.

"Well, in my judgment, sir—and I tell it you because I deem it a duty—" I retorted plainly, "you are making a grave mistake which you may realize when it becomes too late to rectify it. Possibly I have no right to criticise one who is technically in command, yet I am serving as a volunteer, and the conditions are peculiar. I not only remember the scene witnessed by me in the lines yonder, but also recall the fact that we are here to fulfil a sacred duty—the defense of helpless women from outrage. A fatal mistake upon our part would be horrible."

"Very well, sir"—and his tone was rough and overbearing—"then kindly recall your soldierly instincts to another little matter. I chance to command here by authority of rank, and hold myself responsible for the proper defense of this portion of the house. I believe you have already been assigned your duties, if you will attend to them I shall be greatly obliged, and whenever I may desire your valuable advice I shall take pleasure in sending for you."

I turned away in silence and strode back to my post, white with anger. The dining room remained as I had left it, and when I lay down in my old position and peered out through the broken blind I could mark no change in the appearance of our besiegers.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Hand to Hand.

The faint gray light of early dawn rested upon the outside world, and through the fleeting shadows of the mist I was able to distinguish much which before had been shrouded by the black curtain. In front of the window where I rested, the grass-covered lawn sloped gradually downward until it terminated at a low picket fence, thickly covered with vines. A great variety of shrubs, which during the night had doubtless afforded shelter for sharpshooters, dotted this grass plot, while beyond the fence boundary stood a double row of large trees. To the far left of our position the burnt stable yet smoldered dully, occasionally sending up a shower of sparks as a draught of air fanned the embers, but there were few signs of life visible. For the moment I even hoped our enemies might have grown discouraged and withdrawn.

"What has become of the guerillas?" I asked in wonderment, turning as I spoke to face the Federal corporal who lay on the other side of me. "Is it possible they have given up?"

"I think not, captain," he replied respectfully, saluting as he would one of his own officers. "They were there just before the light came, and I saw a dozen or more stealing along behind the fence not five minutes ago. See, there is a squad of them now huddled together back of where the stable stood."

"Screw your eye close to the corner of the pane," I ordered hurriedly, "and see what you make out toward the front of the house."

"There's men out there sure, plenty of 'em," he reported slowly. "It looks to me mighty like the end of a line of battle, right there by that big magnolia tree. Anyhow, there must be all of twenty fellows lying close together between there and where the corner of the house shuts off my view. I don't see none this side anywhere, unless it's a shooter or two hiding along the fence where the vines are thick."

"That's it, my lad," I exclaimed, heartily, getting upon my feet as I spoke. "We can stand up now, there's no danger here, but there will be music for all of us presently. Those fellows are getting ready to charge us front and rear."

There were five in the room. I could see them only indistinctly, as the morning light was not yet sufficiently strong to penetrate clearly to where we were, but I was able to note those present—the corporal and his wounded companion, with Hollis and Call of my troop.

"Let the wounded man remain and guard those windows," I commanded. "He would prove of small value in a hand-to-hand struggle, but can probably do some shooting. The rest come with me."

I led them forth into the wide hallway, which extended the full length of the house, with a broad flight of stairs just forward of the center, gradually curving and leading to the second story. The suspended light was yet burning as we came out, but flickered wildly as if in a strong draught of air, and I noticed that the constant rain of bullets during the night had badly splintered an upper panel of the door. Halfway down the broad hallway, and partially obscured by the turn of the stairs, a door stood slightly ajar upon the right hand. Conjecturing this might be where the defenders of the eastern exposure were lying, I peered within. The blinds were tightly drawn and I was able to perceive little of its interior, excepting that the walls were lined with books.

"Ebers," I called, thinking he must be there, "are you in charge here?"

"I vos, captain," came the instant reply, and he at once emerged from the darkness.

"Have the enemy kept you busy?"

"Der vos some shooting und Hadley he got hurt bad, but der fellers is all gone."

"Bring your men fit for duty out here in the hall, and have them join my party. How many have you?"

"Der is four, captain."

He drew back, and as he disappeared some one came hastily toward us along the hallway from the rear.

"What is it, Caton?" I asked anxiously, as I recognized him.

"They are forming to rush me, I think," he answered. "I need a few more men if I can get them."

"They are preparing to assault front and rear at the same time," I answered. "They are massing now, and in my judgment Brennan will have to face the brunt of it. The front of this house is greatly exposed, and will prove extremely difficult to defend if they come against it with any force. How many men do you absolutely require to hold your position? Remember, the women are all in the front part of the house, and we must protect them at all hazards, come with me. There are times when a higher law than that of military despotism should control our actions. I am going there, orders or no orders. Ebers can command your detachment and accomplish all the service you possibly could. Your rightful place is between these ruffians and the woman you love. How many additional men will be required to make the back of the house secure?"

"I feel like a new man Wayne," he said thankfully, "and I know you are right. Four more would be sufficient, besides the one in command."

"Good" Ebers," I said, as my portly sergeant again emerged from out the darkness, "take your four men back to the kitchen and assume command. The guerillas are preparing to make a rush there, and you must drive them back by a rapid fire. Hurry along now."

The little group had barely vanished beyond the glow of the light when from without our ears were suddenly assailed by a wild, exulting yell that bespoke the charge.

"There they are!" I cried. "Now, lads, come with me!"

The dull, gray, chilling dawn revealed a room in utmost disorder, the windows shattered, the blinds cut and splintered, the walls scarred with bullets and disfigured with stains of blood, the furniture overturned and broken. A dead soldier in gray uniform lay in the center of the floor, his life-blood a dark stain upon the rich carpet; a man with coat off, and blue shirt ripped wide open, was leaning against the further wall vainly endeavoring to staunch a wound in his chest. Brennan was upon one knee near the central window, a smoking gun in his hand, a red welt showing ghastly across his cheek. All this I saw in a single glance, and then, with the leap of a panther I was beside him, gazing out into the morning mist, and firing as fast as I could handle my gun.

Through the shifting smoke clouds we could see them advancing on a run—an ugly, motley line, part blue, part gray, part everything—yelling as they swept forward like a pack of infuriated wolves, their fierce faces scowling savagely behind the rifles. It was half war half riot—the reckless onslaught of outcasts bent on plunder, inspired by lust, yet guided by rude discipline.

I knew little of detail, faces were blurred, unrecognizable; all I seemed to note clearly was that solid, brutal, heartless, blasphemous line of desperate men sweeping toward us with a relentless fury our puny bullets could not check. Reckless ferocity was in that mad rush; they pressed on more like demons than human beings. I saw men fall; I saw the living stumble over the dead. I heard cries of agony, shouts, curses, but there was no pause.

"I Was Standing There Apparently Alone, but for the Dead."

I could mark their faces now, cruel, angry, revengeful; the hands that grasped the veranda railings; the leaping bodies; the rifle butts uplifted to batter down our frail defenses.

As trapped tigers we fought, hurling them back from the windows, slashing, clubbing, striking with fist and steel. Two lay dead across the sill before me, cloven to the very chin, but their bleeding bodies were hurled remorselessly aside, while others clambered forward, mad from lust of blood, crazed with liquor. With clubbed guns we cleared it again and again, battering mercilessly at every head that fronted us. Then a great giant of a fellow—dead or alive, I know not—was hurled head long through the opening, an inert, limp weight, that bore the two soldiers beside me to the floor beneath his body. With wide sweep of my gun I struck him, shattering the stock into fragments, and swung back to meet the others, the hot barrel falling to right and left like a flail. They were through and on me! Wild as any sea rover of the north I fought crazed with blood unconscious of injury, infuriated solely by desire to strike and slay. Back I had to go, back—I trod on dead bodies, on wounded shrieking in pain, yet no man who came within sweep of that iron bar lived. I loved to hear the thud of it, and I fronted those glaring eyes, my blood afire, my arms like steel. Through the red mist I beheld Caton for an instant as twenty brutal hands uplifted and then hurled him into the ruck beneath their feet. Whether I fought alone I knew not, cared not. Then some one pressed next to me, facing as I did, wielding a sword like a madman. We had our backs against the piano, our shoulders touched, before us that mob swayed checked for the moment, held fast by sudden overpowering dread. I glanced aside. My companion was Brennan, hatless, his deep set eyes aflame, his coat torn off, his shirt ripped open to the waist, his bare breast red with blood.

"No shootin', damn ye!" shouted a voice, hoarsely. "No shootin', I want that Reb alive!"

Through the swirling smoke I recognized the malicious face of Red Lowrie as he pushed his way to the front. To me it was like a personal challenge to combat.

"Rush them!" I muttered into Brennan's ear. "Hurl them back a bit, and dodge under into the next room."

I never waited to ascertain if he heard me. With one fierce spring I struck their stunned line, and my iron bar swept a clear space as it crashed remorselessly into them. The next instant Lowrie and I were seemingly alone and fronting each other. A wild cat enraged by pain looks as he did when he leaped to meet me. Hate, deadly, relentless, glared in his eyes and with a yell of exultation he swung up his long rifle and struck savagely at my head with the stock. I caught it partially on my barrel, breaking its full force, and even as it descended upon my shoulder jabbed the muzzle hard into his leering face. With a snarl of pain he dropped his gun and grappled with me, but as his fingers closed about my throat, something swirled down through the maze, and the maddened brute staggered back, his arms uplifted, his red beard cloven in twain.

"Now for it, Wayne!" shouted Brennan. "Back with you!"

With a dive I went under the piano. I heard the sliding doors shut behind us, and almost with the sound was again upon my feet.

"To the stairs!" I panted. "Brennan, take the women to the stairs; those fellows are not in the hallway yet, and we can hold them there a while."

In our terrible need for haste, and amid the thick, swirling smoke filling that inner room almost to suffocation, I grasped the woman chancing to be nearest me, without knowing at that moment who she was. Already the rifle-butts were splintering the light wood behind us into staves, and I hastily dragged my dazed companion forward. The others were in advance, and we scooped our way like blind persons out into the hall. By rare good fortune it was yet unoccupied, and as we took the few hurried steps toward the foot of the stairs I found my arm was encircling Celia Minor. The depth of despair within her dark eyes and the speechless anguish of her white face, swept for an instant the fierce rage of battle from my brain.

At that moment the mob, discovering our direction of escape, jammed both doorways and surged forth howling into the hall.

"Up!" I cried, forcing her forward. "Up with you, quick!"

I paused a scant second to pluck a saber from beside a dead soldier on the floor, and then with a spring up the intervening steps, faced about at Brennan's side on the first landing.

"We ought to leave our mark on those incarnate devils here," he said grimly, wiping his red blade on the carpet.

"Unless they reach the second story from without, and take us in the rear," I answered, "we ought to hold back the whole cowardly crew, so long as they refuse to fire."

It was a scene to abide long with a man—a horrible nightmare, never to be forgotten. Above us, protected somewhat by the abrupt curve of the wide staircase crouched the women. Two were sobbing, their heads buried in their hands, but Maria and Mrs. Brennan sat white of face and dry-eyed. I caught one quick glance at the fair face I loved—my sweet lady of the North—thinking, indeed, it might prove the last on earth, and knew her eyes were upon me. Then, stronger of heart than ever for the coming struggle, I fronted that scene below.

Through the rising haze of smoke I looked down into angry faces, unkempt beards, and brandished weapons. The baffled rascals poured out upon us from both doors, crowding into the narrow space, cursing, threatening, thirsting for revenge. Yet they were seemingly leaderless, and the boldest among them paused at the foot of the stairs. They had already felt our arms, had tested our steel, and knew well that grim death awaited their advance.

But they could not pause there long—the ever increasing rush of those behind pressed the earlier arrivals steadily forward. Grim necessity furnished a courage naturally lacking, and suddenly, giving vent to a fierce shout they were hurled upward, seeking to crush us at whatever sacrifice, by sheer force of numbers. We met them with the point in the good old Roman way, thrusting home remorselessly, fighting with silent contempt for them which must have been maddening. I even heard Brennan laugh, as he pierced a huge ruffian through the shoulder and hurled him backward, but at that moment I saw Craig knock aside a levelled gun and press his way to the front of the seething mass to assume control. His face was inflamed, his eyes bloodshot, drink had changed him into a very demon.

"Damn ye, Red told you not to fire!" he yelled. "Come on, you dogs! You could eat 'em up if ye wasn't sick blamed cowards. There's only two, and we'll hang them yet."

He leaped straight up the broad steps, his long cavalry sabre in hand, while a dozen of the boldest followed him. Brennan swung his sword high over head, grasping it with both hands for a death blow, even as I thrust directly at the fellow's throat. The uplifted blade struck the chain of the hanging lamp, snapped at the hilt, and losing his balance the Major plunged headlong into the ruck beneath. The downward fall of his body swept the stairs.

As I stood there, panting and breathless, a woman rushed downward. Believing she would throw herself into that tangled mass below, I instantly caught her to me.

"Don't," I cried anxiously. "You cannot help him. For God's sake go back where you were."

"It is not that," she exclaimed, her voice thrilling with excitement. "Oh, Captain Wayne, do you not hear the bugles?"

As by magic those hateful faces vanished, disappearing by means of every opening leading out from the hall, and when the cheering blue-coats surged in through the broken door, I was yet standing there, apparently alone but for the dead, leaning weak and breathless against the wall, my arm about Edith Brennan.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

After the Struggle.

A young officer, whose red face was rendered extremely conspicuous by the blue of his uniform, led the rush of his soldiers as they came tumbling gallantly into the hall.

"Up there, men!" he cried, catching sight of me, and pointing. "Get that Johnny with the girl."

As they sprang eagerly forward over the dead bodies littering the floor at the foot of the stairs, Brennan scrambled unsteadily to his feet, and halted them with imperious gesture.

"Leave him alone!" he commanded. "That is the commander of the Confederate detachment who came to our aid. The guerillas have fled down the hallway, and are most of them outside by now. Wayne," he turned and glanced up at us, his face instantly darkening at the tableau, "kindly assist the ladies to descend, we must get them out of this shambles."

He lifted them one by one and with ceremonies politeness across the ghastly pile of dead and wounded men.

"Escort them to the library," he suggested, as I hesitated. "That room will probably be found clear."

I was somewhat surprised that Brennan should not have come personally to the aid of his wife, but as he ignored her presence utterly, I at once offered her my arm, and silently led the way to the room designated, the others following as best they might. The apartment was unoccupied, exhibiting no signs of the late struggle, and I found comfortable resting places for all. Miss Minor was yet sobbing softly, her face hidden upon her mother's shoulder, and I felt constrained to speak with her.

"I shall go at once," I said kindly, to ascertain all I can regarding Lieutenant Caton, and will bring you word."

She thanked me with a glance of her dark eyes clouded with tears, but as I turned hastily away to execute this errand, Mrs. Brennan laid restraining hand upon my arm.

"Captain Wayne," she said with much seriousness, "you are very unselfish, but you must not go until your own wounds have been attended to; they may be far more serious than you apprehend."

As I gazed at her, surprised by the anxiety she so openly displayed, I chanced to behold myself reflected within a large mirror directly across the room. One glance was sufficient to convince me her words were fully justified. My remains of uniform literally clung to me in rags, my bare shoulder looked a contused mass of battered flesh, my hair was matted, and my face blackened by powder stains and streaked with blood.

"I certainly do appear disreputable enough," I admitted; "but I can assure you it is nothing sufficiently serious to require immediate attention."

As I stepped without and closed the door behind me, I was at once startled by the rapid firing of shot from the rear of the house, and the next moment I encountered the young, red-faced officer hurrying along the hallway at the head a squad of Federal cavalrymen. Recognizing me in the gloom of the passage he paused suddenly.

"I owe you a belated apology, Captain," he exclaimed cordially, "for having mistaken you for one of those miscreants, but really your appearance was not flattering."

"Having viewed myself since within a mirror," I replied, "I am prepared to acknowledge the mistake a most natural one. However, I am grateful to be out of the scrape, and can scarcely find fault with my rescuers. Five minutes more would have witnessed the end."

"We rode hard," he said, "and were in saddle within fifteen minutes after the arrival of your courier. You evidently made a hard fight of it; the

house bears testimony to a terrible struggle. We are rejoiced to learn that Lieutenant Caton was merely stunned; we believed him dead at first, and he is far too fine a fellow to go in that way."

"He is truly living, then?" I exclaimed, greatly relieved. "Miss Minor, to whom he is engaged, is sorrowing over his possible fate in the library yonder. Could not two of your men assist him to her? She would do more to hasten his recovery than any one."

"Certainly," was the instant response. "Haines, you and McDonald get the officer out of the front room; carry him in there where the ladies are, and then rejoin us."

I left, remembering then my own need. By using the back stairway I avoided unpleasant contact with the traces of conflict yet visible at the front of the house, and finally discovered a bathroom which afforded facilities for cleansing my flesh wounds and making my general appearance more presentable. I found I could do little to improve the condition of my clothing, but after making such

A Gentle Hand Was Stroking Back the Hair From Off My Temples.

changes for the better as were possible, soaking the clotted blood from out my hair, and washing the powder stains from my face, I felt I should no longer prove an object of aversion even to the critical eyes of the women, who would fully realize the cause for my torn and begrimed uniform.

A glance from the window told me the Federal cavalrymen were bearing out the dead and depositing them beyond view of the house in the deserted negro cabins. Ebers and one or two of my own men were standing near, carefully scanning the uncovered faces as they were borne past, while scraps of conversation overheard brought the information that the long dining room where I had passed the night on guard had been converted into a temporary hospital.

Irresolute as to my next action, I passed out into the upper hall. It was deserted and strangely silent, seemingly far removed from all those terrible scenes so lately enacted in the rooms beneath. My head by this time throbbed with pain; I desired to be alone, to think, to map out my future course before proceeding down the stairs to meet the others. With this in view I sank down in complete weariness upon a convenient settee. My heavy head sank back upon the arm of the settee, and deep sleep closed my eyes. It was in my dreams I felt it first—a light, moist touch upon my burning forehead—and I imagined I was a child once more, back at the old home, caressed by the soft hand of my mother. But as consciousness slowly returned I began to realize dimly where I was, and that I was no longer alone. A gentle hand was stroking back the hair from off my temples, while the barest uplift of my eyelids revealed the folds of a dark blue skirt pressing close to my side. Instantly I realized who must be the wearer, and remained motionless until I could better control my first unwise impulse.

She spoke no word; and I cautiously opened my eyes and glanced up into her face. For a time she remained unaware of my awakening, and sat there silently stroking my forehead, her gaze fixed musingly upon the window at the farther end of the hall. Doubtless she had been sitting thus for some time, and had become absorbed in her own reflections, for I lay there drinking in her beauty for several moments before she chanced to glance downward and observe that I was awake. I think the very intensity of my gaze awakened her from reverie, for she turned almost with a start and looked down upon me. As our eyes met, a warm wave of color dyed her throat and cheeks crimson.

"Why," she exclaimed in momentary confusion, "I supposed I should know before you awoke, and have ample time to escape unobserved. I discovered you lying here. You were resting very uncomfortably when I first came, and I felt it my duty to render your position as easy as possible. I did not forget that your fatigue came in our defense."

"Could you not say in yours?" I corrected. "But I have already been more than repaid. Your hand upon my brow was far more restful than I can tell you—its soft stroking mingled in my dreams even before I awoke. It brought back to me the thought of my mother. I do not think I have had a woman's hand press back my hair since I was a child."

"There was a look of pain upon your face as you lay sleeping, and I thought it might ease you somewhat. I have had some experience as a nurse, you know," she explained quietly. "You mentioned your mother; is she yet living?"

"She is in Richmond, stopping with friends, but since my capture we have lost all trace of each other. I was reported as having been killed in action, and I doubt if she even yet knows the truth. Everything is so confused in the capital that it is impossible to trace any one not directly connected with the army, once you lose exact knowledge of their whereabouts."

"Your father, then, is dead?"

"He yielded his life the first year of the war; and our plantation near Charlottesville has been constantly in the track of the armies. One rather important battle, indeed, was fought upon it, so you may realize that it is now desolate and utterly unfit for habitation."

"The house yet stands?"

"The chimney and one wall alone remained when I was last there," I replied, glad of the interest she exhibited. "Fortunately two of the negro cabins were yet standing. Doubtless these will form the nucleus of our home when the war ceases; they will prove a trifle better than the mere sky."

"The south is certainly paying a terrible price for rebellion," she said soberly, her fine eyes filled with tears. "I am sure I have tarried here quite as long as I should, now that I can be of no further service."

As she gathered her skirts in her hand preparatory to descending the stairs, I yielded to temptation and stopped her. Right or wrong I must yet have one word more.

"I beg of you do not desert me so soon. This may prove our final meeting—indeed, I fear it must be; surely, then, it need not be so brief a one?"

"Our final meeting?"

She echoed my words as though scarcely comprehending their meaning.

"Yes," I said, rising and standing before her. "How can we hope it shall be otherwise? I am not free to remain here, even were it best for other reasons, for I am a soldier under orders. You undoubtedly will proceed north at the earliest possible moment. There is scarcely a probability that in the great wide world we shall meet again."

"The war will soon be over; perhaps then you may come north also."

"I scarcely expect to do so. My work then will be to join with my comrades in an effort to rebuild the shattered fortunes of Virginia. When the lines of lives diverge so widely as ours must, the chances are indeed few that they ever meet again."

"But surely you can remain here until we leave?" she questioned, evidently striving not to reveal the depth of interest she felt in the decision. "It will not be until tomorrow that all details are arranged so as to permit of our departure. I had supposed you would certainly be with us until then."

"Mrs. Brennan!" I exclaimed almost passionately, "do not tempt me! Your wish is a temptation most difficult to resist."

"Why resist, then?"

She did not look at me, but stood twisting a handkerchief nervously through her fingers. The abrupt question startled me almost into full confession, but fortunately my eyes chanced to fall upon her wedding ring, and instantly I crushed the mad words back into my throat.

"Because it is right," I replied slowly, feeling each sentence as a death-blow. "For me to remain can mean only one thing. For that I am ready enough, if I thought you desired it; but I dare not choose such a course myself."

"You speak in riddles. What is the one thing?"

"A personal meeting with Major Brennan."

The high color deserted her cheeks, and her eyes met mine in sudden inquiry. "Oh, no, no!" she exclaimed with energy. "You and Frank must never meet in that way. You mean a duel?"

I bowed gravely. "I was permitted to aid in defense of this house only by pledging myself to Major Brennan afterwards."

"But why need it be—at least now that you have stood together as comrades?"

"I fear," I said quietly, "that fact will not count for much. We both fought inspired by your presence."

"Mine!" I hardly knew how to interpret her tone.

"Certainly; you cannot be ignorant that Major Brennan's dislike is based upon your friendship for me."

"But there is no reason," she stammered. "He has no cause—"

"His reason I must leave him to explain," I interrupted, to relieve her evident embarrassment. "His words, however, were extremely explicit; and to ignore them by departure is to imperil my own reputation in both armies. I would do so for no one else in the world but you."

"How can I ever thank you!" she asked gravely. "Captain Wayne, you make me trust you utterly, and place me constantly in your debt."

"Then you realize that I am right?"

"Yes," slowly, but making no effort to release her hands. "Yet is no other escape possible?"

"None within my knowledge."

"And you must go?"

"I must go—unless you bid me stay."

"Oh, I cannot; I cannot at such a cost!" she cried, and I could feel her body tremble with the intensity of her emotion. "But, Captain Wayne, our friendship surely need not be severed now for ever? I cannot bear to think that it should be. I am no cold, heartless ingrate, and shall never forget what you have done to serve me. I value every sacrifice you have made on my behalf. Let us indeed part now if, as you say, it must be so; yet surely there are happier days in store for both of us—days when the men of this nation will not wear different uniforms and deem it manly to fight and kill each other."

"The great struggle will certainly cease, possibly within a very few weeks," I answered, greatly moved by her earnestness, "but I fear the men engaged in it will remain much the same in their natures however they may dress. I can only say this: Were the path clear, I would surely find you, no matter where you were hidden."

"How terrible it is that a woman must ever choose between such evils," she said almost bitterly. "The heart says one thing and duty another all through life, it seems to me. I have so much of suffering in these last few months, so much of heartless cruelty, that I cannot bear to be the cause of any more. You and Major Brennan must not meet; but, Captain Wayne, I will not believe that we are to part thus forever."

"Do you mean that I am to seek you when the war closes?"

"There will be no time when I shall not most gladly welcome you."

"Your home?" I asked, wondering still if she could mean all that her words implied. "I have never known where you resided in the north."

"Stonington, Conn." She smiled at me through the tears yet clinging to her long lashes. "You may never come, of course; yet I shall always feel now that perhaps you will; and that is not like a final goodby, is it?"

I bowed above the hands I held, and pressed my lips upon them. For the moment I durst not speak, and then—a voice suddenly sounded in the hall below:

"I am greatly obliged to you, Miss Minor; she is probably lying down. I will run up and call her."

We started as if rudely awakened from a dream, while a sudden expression of fright swept across her face.

"Oh, do not meet him," she begged piteously, "For my sake do not remain here."

"I will go down the back stairway," I returned hastily, "but do you indeed mean it? May I come to you?"

"Yes, yes; but pray go now!"

Unable longer to restrain myself, I clasped her to me, held her for one brief instant strained to my breast, kissed her twice upon lips which had no opportunity for refusal.

"This world is not so wide but that somewhere in it I shall again find the one woman of my heart," I whispered passionately, and was gone.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A Plan Miscarried.

I remembered as I hurried down the back stairway her flushed face, but could recall no look of indignant pride in those clear eyes whose pleasant memory haunted me. She loved me: of this I now felt doubly assured, and the knowledge made my heart light, even while I dreaded the consequences to us both.

I stepped out into the kitchen and came to a sudden pause, facing a table laden with such a variety and abundance of food as had been strange to me for many a long day. Directly opposite, a napkin tucked beneath his double chin, his plate piled high with good things, sat Ebers, while at either end I beheld Mr. and Mrs. Bungay similarly situated. The astonishment of our meeting seemed mutual. The Sergeant, apparently feeling the necessity of explanation, wiped his mouth soberly.

"I vos yoost goin' to fill me up mit der dings like a good soldier, Captain," he said in anxiety.

"No doubt; well, I am rather hungry myself. Mrs. Bungay, in memory of old times cannot you spare me a plate? If so, I will take pleasure in joining your happy company. Thank you. I see you have found your man."

"I have thet, sir," she answered, grimly, "an' I reckon as how he's likely ter stay et hum arter this."

"But you forget he is my guide," I protested, not disinclined to test her temper. "Surely, Mrs. Bungay, you would not deprive the South of his valuable services?"

"An' wouldn't I, now? An' didn't thet little whiffit promise me long afore he ever did you uns? Ain't he my nat'ral protector? Whut's a lone female a goin' ter dew yere in ther mountings wi'out no man?"

"Come, Jed, what do you say? Are you tired fighting the battles of the Confederacy, and prefer those of home?"

"I like ter read all 'bout fightin' well 'nough, but durn it, Cap, it kinder hurts whin they hits ye on ther head with a gun." His face lit up suddenly. "'Sides, I sorter wanter bev Mariar git 'quainted with thet thar muel o' mine, Beelzebub. He's out thar now, bitched ter a tree, an' a eatin' fit ter bust his biler—never a durn mark on his hide fer all he wint through."

"Well, I suppose I shall be compelled to let you and Beelzebub go, but it will prove a serious loss to the cause of the South," I said, my thoughts instantly turned by mention of the mule to matters of more importance. "I expect there will be lively times up your way."

"Ye kin jist bet thar will," enthusiastically. "It'll be nip and tuck, I reckon, but I'm mighty hopeful o' Mariar. Thet dern muel he needs ter be took down a peg."

"Sergeant," I said, "did you send out a party to bring in our horses and the sabers?"

"It vos all done already; der horses vos found und der swords."

"How many men have we lost?"

"Der vos five kilt, Captain; dot vos it. I vos hit mit der ear off; Sands is goin' to die, und maybe Elliott vill not get some better; some odders vos hurted."

"How many men does that leave us fit for duty?" I asked decisively, pushing back my plate and rising from the table.

"Dere vos twelve, Captain, mit me."

"That will do," I said. "In half an hour from now have the men ready for the road," and I turned and left the room.

We must depart at once. More than ever now I realized the necessity for haste. I hoped to meet the officer commanding the Federal detachment who had come to our aid, pay him the customary marks of respect, and get away without again coming in contact with Major Brennan. I felt myself pledged to this course of action.

A sentry stationed in the lower hallway informed me the officers were messing together in the front parlor, and I at once headed that way. I paused, however, to visit the wounded for a moment, spoke cheerily to my own men, and then, opening the door quietly, entered the room which I had last left in possession of the guerrillas. With the exception of broken windows and bullet-scarred walls little evidence remained of that contest which had raged here with such fury but a few hours previously. There were numerous dark stains upon the carpet, but much of the furniture had been restored to place, while a cheerful wood fire crackled in the open grate. Before it three men were sitting smoking, while upon a small table close at their elbows rested a flat bottle, flanked by several glasses. A single glance sufficed to tell me they were Federal cavalrymen, one being the red-faced lieutenant whom I had already met.

"I am seeking the commander of this detachment," I explained, as they glanced at me in surprise at my entrance unannounced. "I am Captain Wayne, in charge of the Confederate troop which was engaged in defense of this house."

A portly man with a strong face, and wearing a closely clipped gray beard, arose from a comfortable armchair and advanced with hand extended.

"I am Captain Moorehouse, in command," he answered, cordially, "and am very glad to meet you. Will you not join us? My second lieutenant, who has positive genius in that line, has unearthed a few bottles of rather choice whisky which we will divide most gladly."

"I thank you," I replied, anxious to meet him as pleasantly as possible, "but I am eager to get away upon my duty as early as may be, and have merely intruded upon you to explain my purpose."

"Nonsense," he insisted. "Duty is never quite so urgent as to require a waste of good liquor. Captain Wayne, permit me to present my officers—Lieutenants Warren and Starr, Second New Hampshire Cavalry."

The constant haunting fear of the Major's possible entrance at any moment rendered me extremely uneasy, and anxious to be away. Undoubtedly this feeling exhibited itself in my manner, for Captain Moorehouse said finally:

"I realize your natural anxiety to be off, Captain Wayne, and while we should be very glad to keep you with us indefinitely, yet I trust you will feel perfectly free in the matter."

"I thank you greatly," I answered, rising as I spoke. "My duty is of such

"I Brand You Here and Now as Sneak and Liar; Now Will You Fight?"

a nature, and has already been so long neglected that I feel every moment of unnecessary delay to be a crime. I wish you a pleasant return within your own lines, and an early cessation of hostilities."

I had shaken hands with them all, and turned toward the door, congratulating myself on escaping thus easily, when a new voice broke suddenly in upon my self-satisfaction:

"I trust Captain Wayne is not intending to depart without at least a word with me?"

It was Brennan. He had entered unobserved from the second parlor.

"Frankly," I responded, "I hoped I might."

"Have you forgotten, then, our compact, or do you simply elect to ignore it?"

I saw the others exchange quick glances of amazement, but I answered coolly:

"The latter supposition is more nearly the truth, Major Brennan. I felt that after what we have just passed through together we could both afford to ignore the past, and consequently was hoping to escape without again encountering you."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed, sarcastically. "But I might have expected it. Gentlemen," and he turned toward the expectant group, "this man and I have a personal grievance of long standing unsettled. I have sought him for months in vain. When he came last night to our assistance, before I even consented to accept his services I insisted that no occurrence of the defense should prevent our meeting, if we both survived. Now he endeavors to sneak away like a whipped cur. I demand satisfaction at his hands, and if it is refused I shall denounce him in both armies."

My cheeks burned, but before I could control myself sufficiently for answer, Moorehouse spoke.

"But, Brennan, see here," he said anxiously, "surely Captain Wayne has served you well. Is this trouble between you so serious that no amends are possible?"

"None, short of a personal meeting."

"Captain," and the perplexed federal commander turned toward me, "have you any word of explanation in this unfortunate affair?"

"Very little," I answered. "I am not even aware that I have done injury to Major Brennan, purposely or otherwise. He has not so much as honored me with information as to his cause of complaint. However, I care very little what it may be. As he has seen fit to denounce me before officers of my own corps, I should be extremely glad to meet him upon that ground alone; but after what we have just passed through together, I felt ready to blot out these past differences. Whatever they may have been, they are not liable to occur again, nor we to meet."

"They have occurred again since you have been in this house!" Brennan broke forth excitedly. "You are not a coward, but I brand you here and now as a sneak and liar! Now will you fight?"

We stood for a moment in utter silence, eye to eye, and I knew there was no help for it. These words, publicly spoken, left me no choice.

"I am at your service, Major Brennan," I returned sternly, "now or at any time. But I am unfortunate here in having no officer of my army present, and hence can name no second."

"Doubtless one of these gentlemen will consent to serve," he said, his face brightening at my rejoinder.

Some one hastily pushed a way to the front, and Lieutenant Caton, pale but determined, stood at my shoulder.

"It will afford me pleasure to act for Captain Wayne," he said clearly, "if he will accept my services. Moreover," he added, with a significant glance at Brennan, "I do this as a friend, and with full confidence that I am upon the right side in the quarrel."

For a moment no one spoke, Brennan biting his mustache to keep back the words he durst not utter. Then Caton turned to me.

"If you will retire to the library, Wayne, I will arrange this matter with whoever may represent Major Brennan."

With a slight formal bow to those present I quitted the room.

(Continued next w

Those Old Legends.

"Beautiful view here from the veranda."

"Beautiful!"

"This is a most picturesque old resort."

"Oh, very!"

"And the autumn foliage is beautiful."

"Beautiful!"

"You have been here before, I presume?"

"We come up every year."

"There must be some legends connected with this delightfully quaint old place."

"There are."

"Won't you tell us the stories of some of them?"

"Well, that fat woman yonder says her husband is a rich broker; that tall woman says she comes here because she's tired of London and Paris; and that thin girl, the one with the undecided nose, says she's worried to death because her parents want her to marry a dissipated and impecunious duke."

Sounds Plausible.

"Why do you suppose our ancestors had those atrocious daguerreotypes taken?"

"I suppose to prove that they might have been worse looking than they really were."

A Chipper Chopper.

Customer—I want to order my wife a round.

Butcher—So do I mine, sir; but she orders me around.

Bother the Button!

All know the annoying habit buttons have of coming off at a moment when they are most needed, says "Answers." It seems sometimes as though nothing short of wire thread will keep them in their places; and even wire breaks away from the cloth.

When next you are sewing on a button, follow these directions, and that button will never trouble you again.

Place your button, take a hairpin—a strong one—and lay it across the button, then sew it over the hairpin. When you have put as much thread through the eyes as they will hold, withdraw the hairpin. Then push the needle through near the button, pull the button up, and wrap the thread several times round between the button and garment. Fasten the thread on the under side of the button, and then you will find that that button will stay on until the garment is worn out.

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L[illegible] IS SURE DEFEAT

Party Men Refuse To Commit Political Suicide For Him

DIXON WARNS CANDIDATES

Roosevelt Supporters Demand That Voters Have Chance to Express Preference for Nation's Highest Office.

(Wm Hamlin, Special Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C.—"When the Chicago convention meets in June, out of 1,000 delegates there assembled, at least half of them will be members of congress, senators and men in political life whose political fortunes are absolutely dependent on the selection by the convention of a man who can win.

"These men are not going to deliberately commit political suicide by naming a candidate of the Republican party for President a man they know cannot be elected."

The foregoing is from Senator Joseph M. Dixon, campaign manager for the Roosevelt supporters, and sets forth briefly, but clearly, the pivotal issue of the great fight now being waged in the Republican party for its leadership.

It is generally conceded by astute politicians that Taft's renomination as the party's leader in the fall campaign means disastrous defeat at the hands of the Democrats, no matter whom the nominee of that party may be.

Even some of Taft's closest friends recognize the fact that he cannot be elected in November, and they are highly embarrassed by the position in which they find themselves.

"Do the Taft managers want to force an empty nomination at the convention at the point of a bayonet, an action which they know will be repudiated at the polls?" is the question more than one prominent Republican leader is having presented to him.

That Theodore Roosevelt is the only man within the Republican party today who has a chance of being elected over a Democrat is the sincere conviction of close observers, who have carefully analyzed the situation and tested the sentiment in all parts of the country.

There are many who now believe that Taft would be the weakest candidate the Republicans might select in the Chicago convention.

Change in Four Years.

"Four years from this time," declares Senator Dixon, the Roosevelt manager, "nominations for President of both parties will be made through Presidential preference primaries of the voters themselves."

The demand for the preference primary is the fundamental issue of the Roosevelt campaign, and it is being bitterly opposed by the Taft supporters, who fear any expression of public opinion with regard to the party nomination in June.

"The great Republican states of the north do not propose to allow the Federal machine to dictate their nominee for President," continued Senator Dixon, "and our sole purpose is to name at Chicago a man for President whose name will bring hope of Republican success in November.

"If the Republican voters of the country, the men upon whom we must rely for success at the pol's, desire the nom nation of Taft we will willingly agree to that. If the Republican voters want Colonel Rosevelt nominated, no man, in his desire for Republican success, should refuse the test.

"Inspired by this feeling alone, we have used every endeavor to secure some plan of co-operation with the Taft managers for a genuine expression of the sentiment of the Republican voters. So far, they have stubbornly refused to join in any movement toward that end."

It is held that the Taft managers, in their desire to mislead the people are misleading themselves, in that, in their list of delegates they have deliberately claimed every delegate as an "instructed Taft delegate," where the instruct on has not postively been for Colonel Roosevelt. They have also included in the list every contested district in the south. As a matter of co'd fact, it is argued by the Roosevelt people, that the entire list of southern delegates so far named in Mississippi, South Carolina, Alabama and Virg nia does not contain more than 57 Taft delegates. The whole number chosen is about 100. In New Mex.co, it is pointed out by the Roosevelt managers, of the eight delegates elected recently six are for Roosevelt, first, last and all the time.

Are Roosevelt States.

It is the first conviction of Colonel Roosevelt's friends here that when the Republican states of the northwest get into action they will tell the real story of Roosevelt and Taft strength and that when these states get through there will be no question as to the success of Colonel Roosevelt.

The reports daily being received at the Roosevelt headquarters from every state in the Union show an overoverwhelming drift of Republican sentiment for Roosevelt's nomination.

According to these reports the feeling is universal that his nomination and leadership means his election in November, while the nomination of Taft means calamity for the party.

For instance, the tremendous growth of Roosevelt sentiment in the state of Indiana has alarmed the Taft machine, and forced it to take extraordinary measures in the effort to secure the election of Taft delegates.

The Taft machine in Indiana is bossed now by ex-Senator Hemenway, who was most active in opposition to the nomination of Taft four years ago. Fearing an explosion of Roosevelt sentiment Hemenway hastily arranged to have the convention in his home district called early in the expectation of being able to jam through resolutions favoring the candidacy of Taft and instructing delegates that way.

[illegible] of these "early" conventions to [illegible] any expression of sentiment on the Republican voters of Indiana and to thwart their desire to participate in the election of their Presidential candidate.

Stubbs Notifies Taft.

Despite the recent notification by Governor W. R. Stubbs of Kansas, that the most disreputable methods to force the election of Taft delegates to the convention are in vogue by the Taft supporters in that state, it is now reported that no change has been made.

Governor Stubbs has, therefore, put the whole responsibility upon the shoulders of the Taft campaign managers and their candidate. In his telegram to the President, Governor Stubbs said:

"Your representatives and political managers in Kansas are using every means in their power to prevent Presidential preference primaries being held in this state. Fully ninety per cent of the Republican voters will be disfranchised if their tactics prevail. Federal patronage is being dangled before the eyes of committeemen, and thoroughly disreputable methods are in use to influence the election of delegates favorable to you.

"If it is disreputable and dishonest to use money to elect a United States senator in Illinois or any other state, why is it not equally dishonest to use Federal patronage to nominate a President of the United States? While a vast number of Republicans do not agree with your policies, you have been given credit for good motives and high standards, and I do not wish to insinuate that you are personally responsible for those methods. But you are the beneficiary, and after the facts are presented to you, if you do not publicly condemn them, you must necessarily share the responsibility.

"Are you in favor of disfranchising a vast majority of the Republicans of this state by using the caucus and convention system where not one Republican out of 20 will have any voice whatever in expressing their choice for President?

"Do you approve the use of Federal patronage to control the selection of delegates to a national convention?

"Do you not know that Federal offices represent the same value as money as an influence in electing delegates to a convention?"

Maryland for Teddy.

Present indications are that there will be a solid delegation for Roosevelt from the state of Maryland. Senator Dixon bases his belief of this upon the views presented recently at a meeting of more than 200 representative Republicans and leaders from all parts of the state, which was held in Baltimore.

"There was a general discussion of the progressive campaign," said Senator Dixon, in speaking of the gathering. "The view was unanimous that the election of a solid delegation for Roosevelt was assured. There is a bill pending in the legislature now providing for a Presidential preference primary. It is opposed by the organization of both parties, but the sentiment of the voters of the state is overwhelmingly in favor of its enactment. The pressure of public sentiment upon the legislature is practically certain to overcome the opposition of the machines. There is no question whatever as to the preference of the great majority of the Republican voters of Maryland, and it will manifest itself in the selection of the delegation."

Pinchot Scores Club.

The recent action of the Union League club, which voted an indorsement of the Taft administration, has aroused a great deal of feeling among progressives everywhere. In regard to the club's action, Amos Pinchot, brother of the former chief-forester of the country, said:

"It is lamentable that a club, formed to uphold the laws of Abraham Lincoln, should now come out on the side against which he would be fighting with all his strength if he were alive today. The whole report of the club breathes an utter distrust in the intelligence, and even the intentions, of the average American citizen.

"Roosevelt has made recommendations to give the average man more say in conducting public business. His recommendations with regard to court decisions, by which the people may review the work of the courts, has thrown the Union League club into a panic. These gentlemen seem to forget that the United States is the only country, practically, where judges interpret the constitution.

"As a matter of fact the people do not want more than a square deal on any subject. If they get that they always feel lucky. Any man of sense who has thought seriously of the conditions in this country must see that the danger to our institutions lies not in increasing the power of the people, but in the present power of business and politics over government. We can have neither stability nor security until a just balance of power is established, and until the feeling of helplessness which the people have today is dissipated by giving them at least part of the power which rightly belongs to them."

CAMPAIGN BRIEFS.

"Tim" Woodruff, notorious as "Old Guard" leader in New York, admits that Colonel Roosevelt will split the New York delegation to the national convention.

The formal entry of former United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, which took place at Indianapolis last week, has accelerated the popular interest greatly.

A poll taken from the Lincoln, Nebraska, Journal, shows: Roosevelt, 1,720; La Follette, 371; Taft, 310.

From Iowa the following poll has come from the Orange City Herald, at the county seat of Sioux county: Roosevelt, 54; Taft, 16; Cummins, 17.

A straw vote taken by a newspaper at Mt. Carmel, Pa., shows that sentiment is strongly in favor of Colonel Roosevelt. Of 100 voters who were asked to express a preference 52 said they were going to vote for Roosevelt. Only six declared for Taft. Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, ran second to Roosevelt with 14.

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Treasurer's Sales

Of Unseated Lands in McKean County, Pa.

NOTICE is hereby given that agreeably to the Act of Assembly approved the 15th day of March, 1913, entitled "An Act to Amend the Act directing the mode of selling Unseated Lands for Taxes, and for other purposes." The following tracts of Unseated Lands in McKean county will be exposed to public sale or outcry in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, Pennsylvania, on MONDAY, JUNE 16th, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m., unless sooner paid, and the money for which land will be sold must be paid at the time of sale, otherwise said land will be sold again, and in no case will a deed be given unless the above conditions are complied with.

NOTICE is also given that in compliance with the Act of Assembly, approved the 6th day of June, 1887, "An Act to regulate the collection of taxes on Unseated Lands," there will be accrued interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on taxes of 1910, from January 1, 1911, and on all taxes of 1911 from January 1st, 1912, until time of payment of the same. See P. L. 1887, page 361.

ANNIN TOWNSHIP.

War.	Sub.	Acres	Owners	Amt. Tax
2117		56¼		$ 2 07
2117		12½	John Cawley	.68
2117		18¾		.98
2207		32	John Kirkman	13.01
2177	361	367	00 Wm Brooder	3.50
2207	355	50	Chas. Wandover	5.10
2218	381	121	S. J. Carlson	55.52
2218		66	S. J. Carlson	26.93
2143	237	25	V. R. Vanderhule	1.26
2218		60	Henry Kinney	3.29
2445	80	85	Theron Cooper Est.	4.36
2218	395			
2144	83	70	Theron Cooper Est.	3.50
2218	395			
2218	376	73	E.P.Dalrymple Est.	7.29
2213	304	80	J. A. Cooper	4 00
2213	304	80	J. S. Cooper	4.00
2118	360	49¼	Pat. Sullivan	2.50
2218		24	Pat. Sullivan	1 21
2218	335		Jennie F. Shaner	5.26
2218	208		Emmet Hults	7.97
1008		60	Dolley & Wolford	18.36
1008		60	Dolley & Wolford	18.36
1008	238	41	Dolley & Wolford	12.56
2215	243			
2445	490	50	Walter Butler	2.50
2146	368	134	A. N. Lillibridge	20.08
2146	358	96	9-10 " "	9.70
2146	341	14	" "	1.41
2109				
2217	323	20	" "	3.00
2207	308	83	" "	8.29
2210	163	308		30 97
2222	385	214	Fred Cablska	21 83
2114	329	28	R. H. McNally	1.41
2213				
2153	330	82	A. V. Cawley	8.35
2152	330	23	" "	2.76
2177	315	18¾		.91
		50	Mary A. Backus Ex.	5.10
2218				
2207	324	49	W. J. Cawley	5.00
2152		50	W. J. Cawley	8.76
2177	356	43	7-10 S. H. Cawley	13.44
2213	361			
2213	361			
2177	84	113	C. W. Norton	11.54
2218	374	15	Wm. Barnadall, Jr., Est.	4.61
2203				
2207		30	W. A. Hulett	9.18
2148	227	25	John Carlson	3.78
115		130	Mrs. Eugene Mullin	29 90
2177	362	53	C. L. Cawley	5 40
2222	343	50	Christie Finn	5.10
	223			
	273	65	R. C. Gallup	4.87

LANDS RETURNED FROM SEATED.

115		130	J. C. Backus Est.	28.37
2122		2½	Mrs. Thos. Connolly	2 56
2128		100	J. F. Cremmins	21.34
2204				
2147		61	Holcomb & Tubbs	19.72
2156		62	Ed Keller	19.14
2214	333	67	Jessie Miller	12 63
2213		80	Henry Kinney	12.67
2453		70	Patrick King Est.	28.27
1008		25	Mrs. Eugene Mullin	15.39
1008	225	45	" " "	14 03
2455		2¼	" " "	2.73
	74			
2177	359		Unknown	20.03

BRADFORD TOWNSHIP

2285		2	C. L. Baker	.37
	59			
3900	60	132	4-10 S. A. Mundy	15.24
3907		60	May Baker Henline	3.31
3908		45	Unknown	8.19
3907		80	Thos. Holden	6.35
3313	128	35-125	Henry Baker	.61
3313	129	35-125	Mrs. Anna Baker	.61
3313	9	35-90	A. R. Simons	1.17
3313	130	35-125	Mrs. W. M. Rider	.61

RETURNED FROM SEATED

	81	35-90	L. A. Fischer & Co.	2.51
3313	133	35-90	Mrs. T. H. Rowe	2 51
3906		40-100	John Byers	6.04
3907	48	36	4-10 Geo. Sherman	6.85

CERES TOWNSHIP.

4228	71	168	E. S. Bell	22.54
2230	94	50	John Murphy	3.30
3445		94		
2151	528	55.04	I. L. Fox	11.80
2220	3444			
2200	3445	386	211½	W. H. and E. B. Tassel 42.64
	96	53	J. F. & E. L. Diffenbacker	11.17
2211	320	62¼	E. W. Phillips	
mineral	96	55	Wheeler, Dusenberry & Mescereau	3.71
		83	Patrick McGavisk	16.06
4226		60	John Goding Est.	12.06
2220		42	P. Dunn	5 67
2220		23	9-10 " "	3.78
2220		49	1-10 " "	6.61
		28	John J. Roberts	3.78
3447		73	Raymond & Roberts	14.74
		43		8.60
2217	57	82	7-10 " "	10.47
		45	Patrick Garrity	4.47
3445	155	25	C. B. Simmons & M. E. Bennett	3 50

RETURNED FROM SEATED.

		9½	Mrs P. B. Hodges	2.93
		25	Wm. Shawl	3.38
		37½	Dan Bacon	10.72

CORYDON TOWNSHIP.

3711		25	Mrs. F. M. Aiken	7.67
3702		50	A. J. Pancoast	15.30
3717		50	F. A. Lawrence	15.30
3702		500	E. A. Williams	61.00
3702		15	" "	.90
3716		559	G. W. Smith Est.	21.30
3715		1160	" "	77.20
3899		1000	Hamilton & Noles	166 00
	13	437	Wm. Duke	19 38
3718	min'l	1000	Devonian Oil Co. & Porterfield	102.00
3712	"	1000	Devonian Oil Co. & Porterfield	102.00
3710	"	1000	Devonian Oil Co. & Porterfield	102.00
4876	min'l S. half	301	Unknown	53.14
4907	min'l	1043	"	106.86
3908	min'l N part	216	"	20.02
4871		1000	Wood & Co.	151.00
4872		1043	" "	154.43
3710		1000	" "	154.00
4878		150	" "	22.97
3709		262	" "	40.10
3716		128	" "	19.57
4874		818	" "	120.14
3709	30	W 1-10	S. A. Mundy & Co	50.35
3709	31	64¾	" " "	10.79
3709	29	51¼	" " "	16.71
3709	26	72	4-10 " " "	23.14
3709	49	57¼	" " "	17.51
3717	33	61¼	" " "	18.39
3717	38	58	9-10 " " "	17.87
3717	39	51	" " "	15.62
4873	51	265¾	W. A. Mundy	5.56
4873	52	25	9-10 " "	5.29
4873	53	64	7-10 " "	12.80
3709	69	133¼	" "	40.99
11		50	J. B. Phillips	5.10
11		40	W. H. Reist	4.08
11		50	Wm. T. Proudfit	5.10
3731		100	A. T. Cobb & E. A. Williams	4.40
	Part	16	Central Penna	
3714	9-10	28 67	Lumber Co.	4.40
	Part		Central Penna	
3714	3-4	30 21	Lumber Co.	4.66
	All		Central Penna	
3714	1-2	5-8 100	Lumber Co.	15.90
3713	min'l	569	John M. Carpenter	28.50
3716				
3703		5 100	Clarence Morrison	15.30

RETURNED FROM SEATED.

3716		48	Ellsworth, Blower	13.06
3732		50	W. B. Stull	5.67
3732		100	Mary Sherman	22.05
3703		23	C. H. Furlows	2.20
3716	14	40¼	" "	6.11

ELDRED BOROUGH

RETURNED FROM SEATED.

		80-140	Nancy Shields Est.	10.51
		40-55	H. McNally Est.	7.03
		20-33	E. A. Austin	4.72
		127-187	" "	6.41

ELDRED TOWNSHIP.

2227		200	B. D. Hamlin Est.	27.20
2227	377	50	" "	6.30
4862		12	" "	1.50
2227	371	202	" "	25.44
		14	Nunundah R. R.	.80
528		28	C. J. Carey	1.74
		12½	" "	.77
		395	John Forrest Trustee	25.20
528		76	W. O. Carpenter & C. J. Carey	4 72
		20	Mary A. Backus	2.52
		50	A. Simons	3.10

RETURNED FROM SEATED.

		1	R. P. Duffy	13.78
		lot	Owner Unknown, Larabee	.42
		24	Owner Unknown, Fowler Brook	2.52
		25	Joseph Plonzett	6.11
			A. J. Welsh	2.08
		½	A. M. Richardson	2.37
		13	Mrs. Louis M. Annis	5 63
		¼	Birdsall Rice	.74

FOSTER TOWNSHIP.

3347		5	South Penn Oil Co.	01
4334		25	F. G. Hane	6.30
4917		1100	Chas. A. Weed	138 60
4336		73	8-10	D. D. Wetmore Est. 10 73
2401		33	H. E. Camp	9 91
4837	min'l	991.31	Mrs. M. A. Kent	249 80
4336		608	" "	153.20
4336	"	121	6-10 " "	31 21
4335	"	1075	" "	270 90
4335	"	985	74 " "	248.48
4339	min'l	1211	Rose Kent	152 50
4336		17	W. K. Nye Est.	2 22
4336		50	G. B. Martin	6.30
3489		21½	E. E. Clark	3.17
3442		5	S. Jewett	1.26

RETURNED FROM SEATED.

4005		¼	Thompson & Fronhman	3.82

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP.

2376		44	Bartholomew & Hertel	2.20
4914		100	" "	10 40
2916	149	125	" "	13 00
2920	66	75	" "	1.31
2920	123	75	" "	3 01
2896	126	225	" "	11.71
2920	120	225	" "	11.71
2946	120	97½	" "	10.15
Morrison Tract		100	" "	4.20
2916		172¼	Wm Duke	8.98
2916		228½	"	11.80
2907		457	"	23.77
2907		457	"	23.77
2907		457	"	47.53
2732	90	75	O. D. Coleman	8.72
2943	91	75	" "	17.49
2776		24½	W. W. Cheeney	11.37
2732	96	25	G. W. Williams	1.31
2732	96	20	G. H. Hatfield	2 32
2732	96			
2920	96	72¾	E. F. Clark	8.47
2905	118	225	W. F. Anderson	11.71
2914	173	56¼	Wiggins & Freibait	6.57
2904	228	56¼	" "	6.57
2560	146	56¼	" "	6.57
2563	257	56¼	" "	6.57
2558	340	56¼	" "	6.57
2561	108	56¾	" "	6.57
2400	117	111	D. C. Young & Mrs. Medbury	5.87
4911		55¾	Jos. Knipp	23.56
5573		68	G. Corwin	23.67
2376		21¼	W. I. Bartholomew	4.99
2376		88¾	" "	.98
2732	90	40	" "	9.23
2943	91	40	" "	9.23
4911				
4911		510	R. J. Gates	267 96
2550	123	150	T. Hungerville & Par. B. Anderson	17.40
2776		1	T. H. Ryan	.60
5556		125	John F. Rooney	21.76
5556		50	J. F. Moses	5.60
mineral				
2732	96	25	" "	1.44
2400		38	H. W. Odell	1.96
2076	¼ of	171½	S. H. Cleveland	1.39
State Patent Mile'l		175	W. J. Knupp	10.16
5573		1231	M. M. Armstrong	285.59
W Half				
2916	120	112½	Richardson Et. Al.	11.71
2394	227	225	Central Penna Lumber Co.	14.63

RETURNED FROM SEATED.

5571		50	Adams & English	12.50
2376		37½	" "	5.56
5577		62	J. A. Anderson Est.	
5571		36	" " "	9.70
5577		200	" " "	13 30
2429	6	37	Geo. R. Belcher	14 02
3660	182	50	E. Corliss	21.23
5577		16	G. C. Irvine	5.74
5571		7	" "	3.76
5571		50	C. B. Lawrence	12.27
5429		2½		3.37

HAMILIN TOWNSHIP.

3976		190	Day Chemical Co.	115.03
½ of				
3976		3	" " "	37.40
3976		305	" " "	23.28
	235			
2928	235	51	Mrs Antonetti Lambardi	3.91
2607	250	130	R. H. Holmes	14 54
2607	250	240	" "	18 24
2607	250	60	J. S. Gens	4.59
2653		604	Elisha K. Kane	76.55
2671		275	" " "	41.96
2671		13	" " "	1.99
3691		495	" " "	75.51
3691		940	" " "	143.35
3693		43	" " "	6.58
3693		248	" " "	37.82
3124	46	526¼	" " "	126.04
3124		16½	" " "	2.53
3677		113	" " "	17.24
2900		176	" " "	27.44
2-16				
2900	17-18-19	896	" " "	136.65
2691	243	130¼	" " "	31.20
2691	248	165	" " "	37.76
2663		603	" " "	91.62
2469	218	251	" " "	38.31
2469	207	245	" " "	37.38
2469	206			
2900	211	320	" " "	48.80
2903	223	149	" " "	22.72
	224			
2703	225	20	" " "	3.05
3695		990	" " "	150.88
3697		969	" " "	147.77
3696		690	" " "	147.86
2691	16-17	22	495	" " " 75.51
3689			950	" " " 144.87
2691			898	" " " 83.72
2607			251	" " " 10.14
2609			266	" " " 40.57
	206			
2900	257	212	" " "	32.32
2692		912	" " "	139.07
2600	227	60	" " "	13.72
2469	212	232	" " "	34.12
2920	226	50	" " "	7.02
2907		21	" " "	3.26
2469	206	50	" " "	11.40
2103		50	" " "	7.62
2073		50	" " "	7.62
2133		107	John F. Anderson	60.50
2691	248	10	R. S. Parson	2.21
	261			
2689	262	280	Bradford Chemical Co.	66.50
2691		361	Joseph Field	21.41
2689		20	Phillips Oil Co.	15.35
2691		180	Raymond Field	7.65
3971				
3971		367	Bagley & Wamsley	61.00
3973	6	100	Theodore Wallen	15 25
2691	243	166	6-10 Axel Swanson & Aug. Molander	12.78
2691	243	10	Chas. Johnson	1.42

RETURNED FROM SEATED.

		1 Lot	Geo. Arnett	3.02
3626		3 Lots	Bokhart & Belanger	6.05
3665		16	Henry Johnson Est.	16.30
3626		1 Lot.	Joseph Klick patrick	10.90
3626		1 Lot	H. L. McCoy	5.12
3625		6¼	Peter Peterson Est.	5.61
3626		1 Lot	Fred Anderson	2.63
3664		3 Lots	Edward Bostock	4.79

KEATING TOWNSHIP.

	514-16 -17			
2271	503-4 542	300	Elisha K. Kane	36.40
2269	344		" " "	42.20
	505	56		6.61
	506-			
2270	7-8-9	260	" " "	29.50
2270	302			
3902	76	441	" " "	130.09
2270				
3902	80	52	" " "	15.34
2037				
2076		44½	" " "	5.24
2270	184	30	" " "	7.08
2187	552	50	C. C. Wright Est.	5.90
2194	340	76	7-10 " " "	4.83
2187				
2155	256	148	" " "	8.76
		38	" " "	4.41
2053	349	131	Oliver Irons	15.48
2055	8 Pt			
2056	350	67½	" " "	7.97
2085	307	255	B. D. Hamlin Est.	30.11
2055				
2057	250	15	" " "	4.42
2060	38	36	J. R. Baker	4.25
2094		32	Charity R. Kent & M. Tuttle	1.92
2075				
2093		246	6-10 B. F. Wright Est.	29.06
2075		454	F. H. Rogers	107.15
2091		38		11.23
2252			Unknown	.38
2190				
2187	343	60	2-10 J. B. Wright	3.49
2196	342	60	3-10 " "	3.61
2196				
2194	341	47	9-10 " "	2.75
2194	339	47	9-10 " "	2.76
2196	341	47	7-10 John B. Reed	2.77
2196	339	22	" "	1.27

RETURNED FROM SEATED.

2263				
2060	205	50	J. R. Baker	6.86
	83	60	Camp Glass Co.	7.81
		11	W. W. Walker	1.51
		54	C. C. Pelton Est.	1.41
		25	F. B. Reynolds Est	12.18
2056				
2058	348	133½		2.12

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP.

2412-13	15	1	Jno. Bullymore	12.60
	4	45	Alton Chemical Co.	3.16
	4	80	" " "	6.30
		50	Mrs. E. H. Newton	7.30
		70	" " "	10.22
	10	178	R. J. Gates	51 98
	11	180	" " "	28 28
	54	75	" " "	10 97
2247-54	117	100	Con Delaney	7 00
		75	Day Chemical Co.	5 50
		122¾	" " "	89 43
		100	" " "	73.00
		300	" " "	21 90
		855	" " "	120.47
	12	178	" " "	12.01
		480¼	" " "	53.57
		10	" " "	1.46
		586¼	" " "	42.83
	15	18	Alton Chemical Co.	13.68
		5	R. J. Gates	.39
		3	" " "	.30
		88	3-10 " " "	13.24
	8	255	Chas. S. Weed	51.81
		178	" " "	25.90
		178	8-10 " " "	25.84
		178	" " "	25 90
		50	" " "	7.30
		78	" " "	11.40
		180	" " "	26.28
2246	4	100	James McKay	20.20
	250		Watson & Herrick	73.00
	9	177	8-10 Sam Noles	26.00
	9	12½	Isadore Kahn	.88
		37½	Gleason & Ostrander	10.97
	15	130	Peter Lynch	18.98
		93	Mrs. Mary Backus Ex.	3.67
	66	40		5.84
		25	Cobb & Mitchell	7.30
		25	J. E. Mullin	3.67
		72½	J. E. Anderson	32 21
	8	63	Elisha K. Kane	9 21
		176	" " "	26.70
		106	" " "	15.48
	9	12½	" " "	1 83

RETURNED FROM SEATED.

3414		50	W. H. Brown & C. Kramer	10.42
		5 lots	J. W. Beacon	13.61
		1	James Barnes	5.30
		2 lots	P. W. Cunningham	8.01
	min'l	6¼	Sullivan Foster	1.50
		2 lots	Mrs. H. Horrigan	2.97
2264		7	John Satterlee	2.63

LIBERTY TOWNSHIP.

2227		235	J. A. Wyman	12.07
2269		454	" "	16.35
1270				
1271		425	" "	15 31
1197		473	" "	17.04
1271		61	" "	2.20
2227		50	" "	1.80
2227		25	" "	.91
1270				
1271			T. H. Irons	8.60
1338				
1357		115	M. T. & C. B. Shurtz	8.28
1357				
1338	111	76	" " "